PureGenius
of Irish Music

Session Book

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of Irish Music

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Introduzione

Questa raccolta di musiche e testi rappresenta il "lavoro" di ricerca e studio del gruppo amatoriale di musicisti PureGenius e contiene i brani che eseguivano durante le session e i concerti.
Il gruppo non è più attivo dall'inizio del millennio e questo libro vuole essere un ricordo della sua attività.
Il solo scopo di questo libro è didattico e culturale, per l'insegnamento e la diffusione della musica tradizionale Irlandese.

Forewords

This collection of tunes and lyrics is the result of the research and study "work" of the PureGenius amateur musicians band, and it contains the tunes and songs they played during sessions and gigs.
The band has been no longer active since the beginning of the millenium, and this book wants to be a sign of its past activities.
The sole purpose of this book is educational, for the learning and the promotion of traditional Irish music.

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A Franco
amico e rugbista
passato oltre il terzo tempo

Legenda

Le parti per bodhrán utilizzano la seguente simbologia / the following signature is used for bodhrán parts:

⬇	Accento in battere / down accent
⬆	Accento in levare / up accent
⇩	Colpo in battere / down beat
⇧	Colpo in levare / up beat
▭	Pausa / rest
c	Click: colpo sul legno del bordo / beat the frame rather than the skin
↓↑↓ o / or	Tripletta: differente dalla terzina, si ottiene inserendo un colpo intermedio fra il battere e il levare (o viceversa) con la parte alta della mazzetta, tenuta meno stratta, ruotando leggermente il polso e sfruttando il rimbalzo del primo colpo della sequenza (più semplice da suonare che da spiegare) / extra beat between the down and up beat (or viceversa) using the upper tip of the beater, held a bit looser, slightly rotating the whrist and bouncing off the first beat in the sequence (it's far easier to play than to explain)
⬇⇧⇩ 3	Terzina (3 movimenti nel tempo di 2) / triplet (3 beats in 2 beats timeframe)
⬇⇧⇩⇧ 4	Quartina (4 movimenti nel tempo di 3) / 4-plet (4 beats in 3 beats timeframe)

Whiskey before breakfast

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩ = 100

RE SOL RE LA RE
D G D A D

RE SOL RE LA RE
D G D A D

B)

RE LA MI– LA
D A Em A

RE LA SOL RE SOL RE LA RE
D A G D G D A D

Notes: 2/4 (polka), 100 bpm, (B tin whistle) AA BB AA BB (A ultima metà), tempo a levare.

A

| ↓ ▭ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ▭ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ▭ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ⇧ ↓ ▭ |

| ↓ ▭ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ▭ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ▭ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ⇧ ↓ ▭ |

B

| ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ▭ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ▭ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ▭ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ |

| ↓ ▭ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ⇧ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ▭ ↓ ▭ | ↓ ⇧ ↓ ▭ |

Early one morning 'fore the sun could shine
I was walkin' down the street, not feelin' so fine
I saw two old men with a bottle between' em
And this is the song that I heard them singin'

Chorus: Lord protect us, Saints preserve us
We been drinkin' whiskey 'fore breakfast

I passed by the steps where they were a' sittin'
I couldn't believe how drunk they were gettin'
I said "Old men you been drinkn' long?"
"Long enough to be singin' this song"

Chorus.

They handed me a bottle, said, "Take a little sip"
And it felt so good, I just couldn't quit
So I took a little more, next thing I knew
There were three of us sittin' there singin' this tune

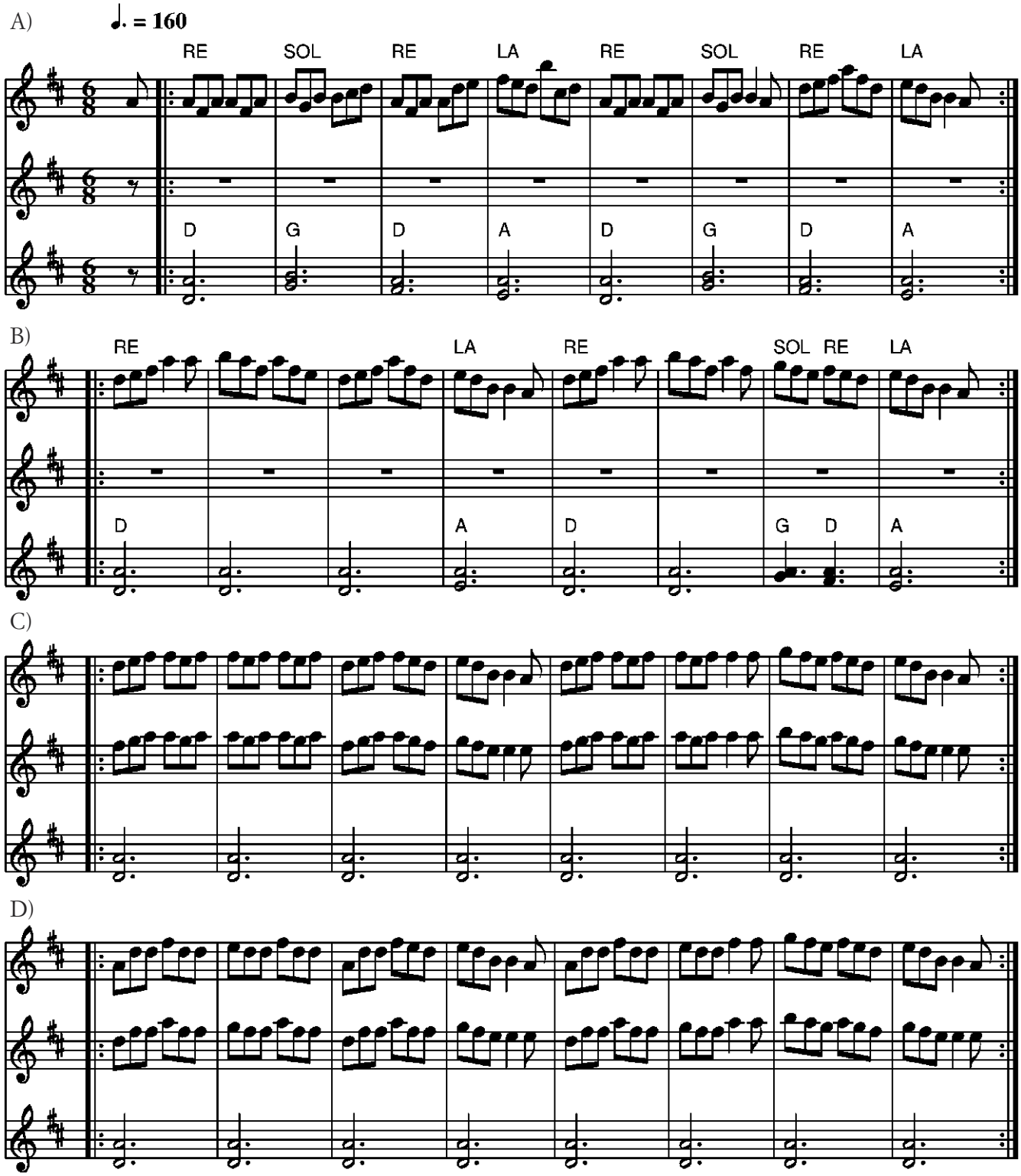
Chorus.

One by one everybody in town
Heard our ruckus and they all came down
Pretty soon all the streets were a-ringin'
With the sound of the whole town laughin' and singin'

Chorus.

Lark in the morning

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 6/8 (jig), 160 bpm, (6/8 bodhrán beat start) AA BB CC DD AA.

Bodhrán: 6/8 push & flat su parte / 6/8 push & flat on going.

The lark in the morning she arises from her nest
And she ascends all in the air with the dew upon her breast
And with the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and she'll sing
And at night she'll return to her own nest again.

When his day's work is over, oh what then will he do
Perhaps then into some country wake he'll go
And with his pretty sweetheart, he'll dance and he'll sing
And at night he'll return with his love back again.

And as they returned from the wake unto the town
The meadows they are mowed and the grass it is cut down
The nightingale she whistles upon the hawthorn spray
And the moon it is a shining upon the new mown hay.

Good luck unto the ploughboys wherever they may be
They will take a winsome lass for to sit upon their knee
And with a jug of beer boys, they'll whistle and they'll sing
And the ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a king.

The rights of men

Trad. (Irish)
lyrics by James Connoly

A) ♩ = 130

F F B♭ Am Gm Dm B♭ F Dm Gm

F F B♭ Am B♭ Am Gm Am Dm

B) Dm F B♭ C Am Em Gm

Dm F B♭ Gm Am Dm 1 2

Dm Dm C Em

Dm F Gm Am Dm 1 2

Notes: 4/4 (reel), 130 bpm, A(fiddle)A BB AA B.

Bodhrán: hornpipe in terzine / hornpipe, beating triplets.

AB |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :| (|: ↓ ⇧↓ ⇧ :|)

3 3

I speak with candour one night in slumber,
My mind did wander near to Athlone,
To that centre station of the Irish nation,
Where a congregation unto me was shown,
Beyond my counting upon a mountain,
Near to a fountain that clearly ran,
The earth did tremble I'll not dissemble,
As they assembled for the Rights of Man.

All clad in green I thought I seen,
A virtuous Queen that was grave and old,
Saying children dear do not fear,
But come and hear what I will unfold,
This fertile country for seven centuries,
Since Strongbow's entry into our land,
Has been kept under by foes outnumbered,
And robbed and plundered of the Rights of Man.

My cause you chided and so derided,
When all divided alas you know,
And in disorder round Erin's border,
Strife grief and murder has laid you low,
Let each communion detest disunion,
And in love and union join hand in hand,
Believe in Graine and proud Britannia,
No more shall rob you of the Rights of Man.

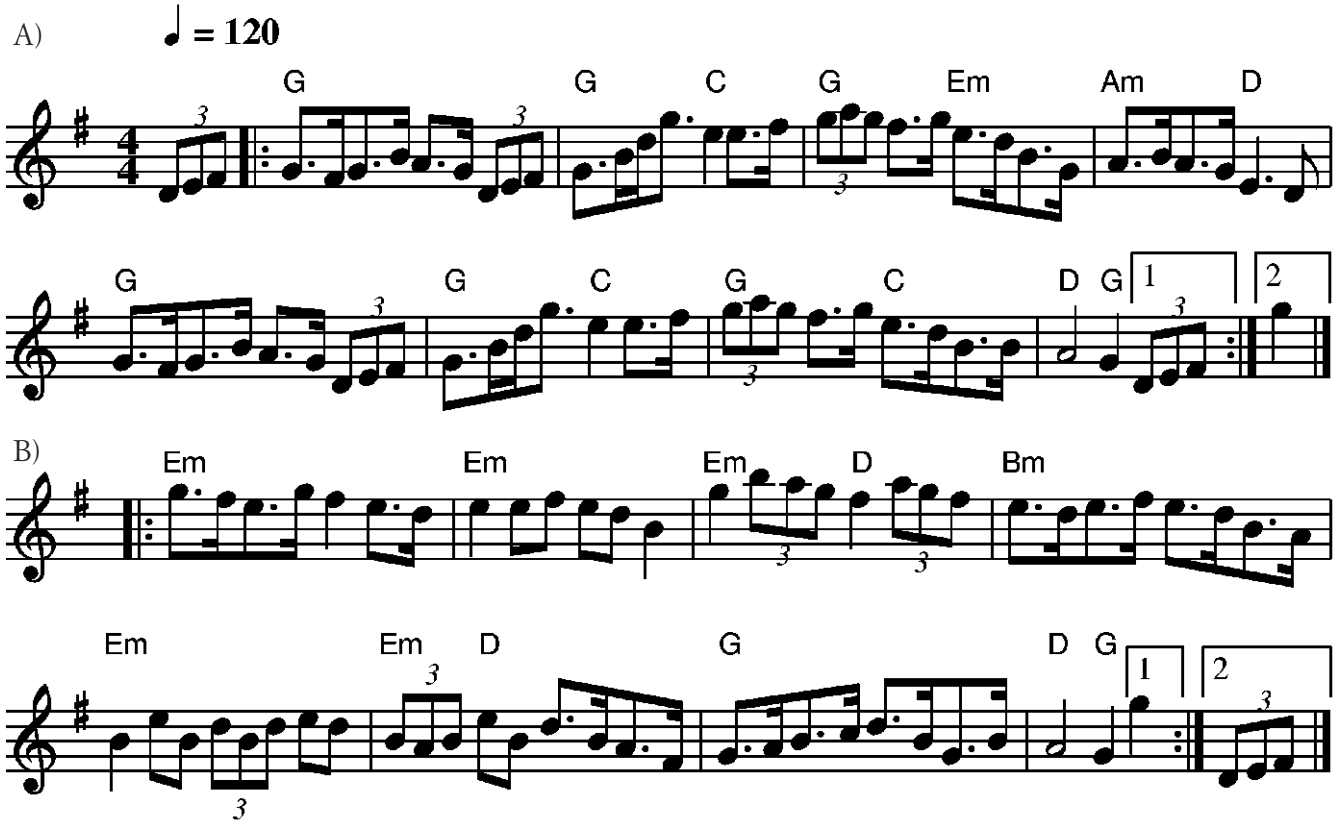
Through the azure sky I then did spy,
A man to fly and he fast descends,
Straightway comes down upon the ground,
Where Erin round had her bosom friends,
His dazzling mitre and cross was brighter,
Than the stars at night or the midday sun,
And in accents rare I do declare,
He prayed success unto the Rights of Man.

When his prayer was ended he condescended,
His hand to lend it in freedom's cause,
He said I'll aid you and always lead you,
And still persuade you to Christian laws.
When in affliction or sad restriction,
My benediction with uplifted hand,
I may explain it you shall obtain it,
And always gain it with the Rights of Man.

Then the population and congregation,
In exultation agreed to part,
They shook hands like brothers and kissed each other,
While friends smothered each Irish heart.
They separated, exhilarated,
And animated at what went on,
And as day was breaking poor Shiels awaking,
Cried still be true unto the Rights of Man.

Off to California

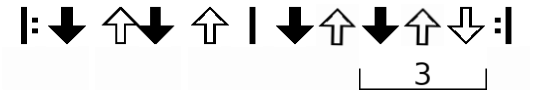
Trad. (Irish)



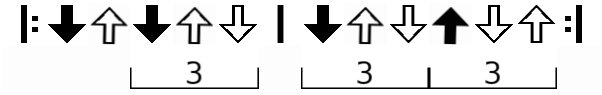
Notes: 4/4 (hornpipe), 120 bpm, AA BB AA BA, hornpipe.

Bodhrán: in terzine, chiusura con rullata / beating triplets, close with roll.

A



B

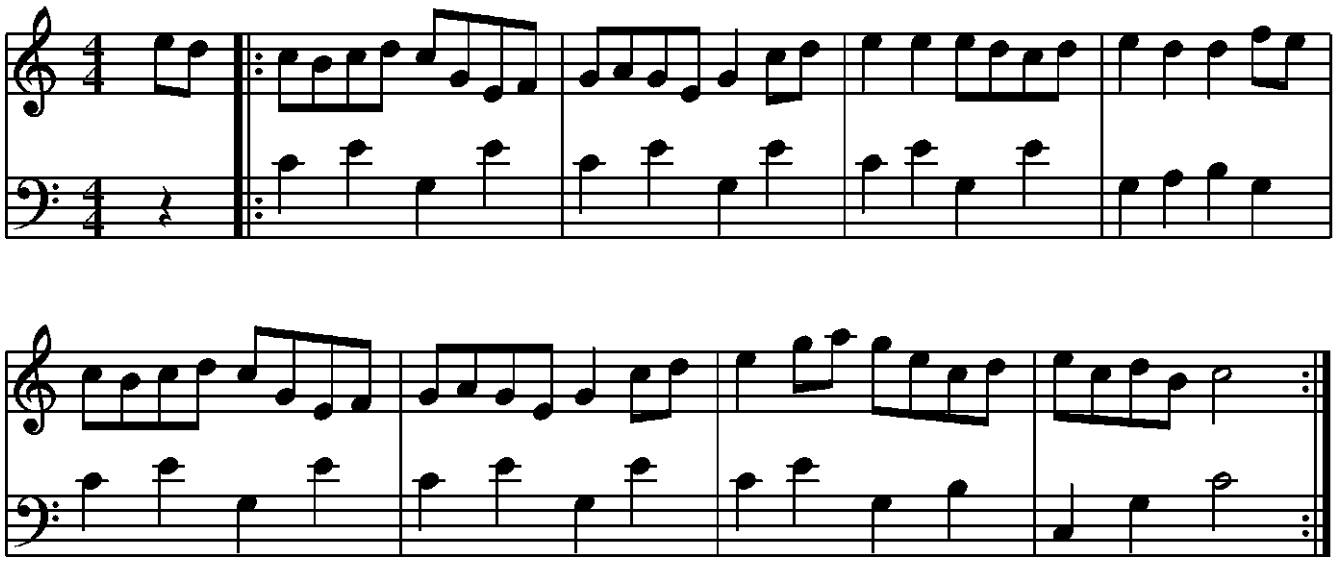


MURPHYS
IS
PROUDLY SERVED
OLD BUSHMILLS

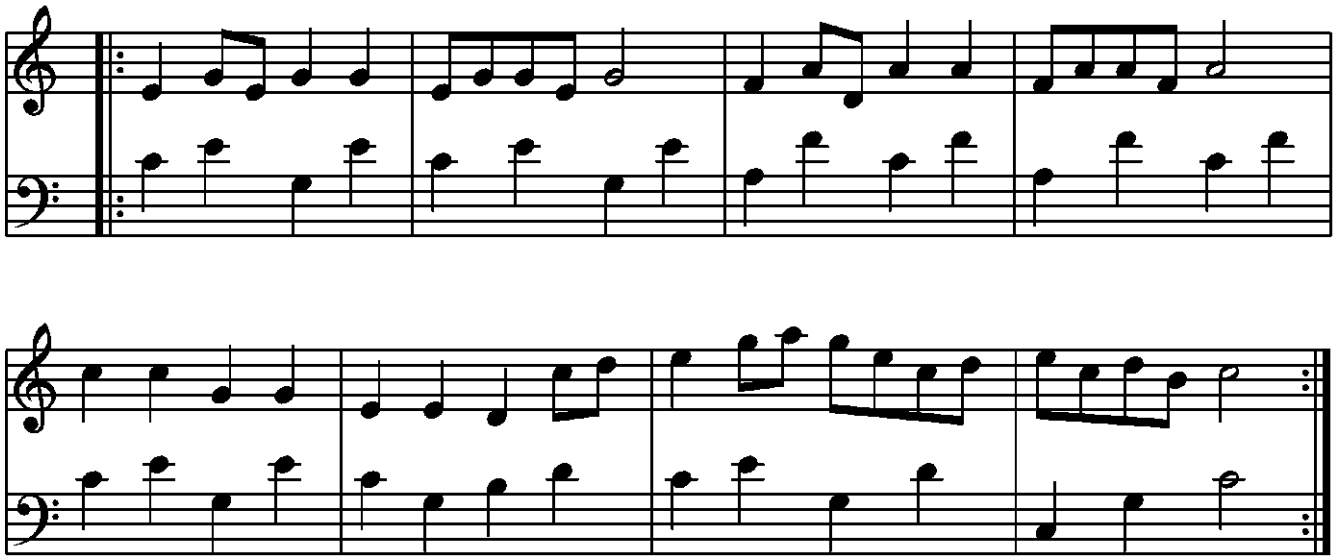
Turkey in the straw

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩ = 180



B)



Notes: 4/4, 150-180 bpm, AA BB AA B(B: ripetere 3 volte ultima misura / repeat last measure 3 times).

Bodhrán: 4/4 semplice / simple 4/4 beat.

As I was a-gwine down the road,
Tired team and a heavy load,
Crack my whip and the leader sprung,
l seys day-day to the wagon tongue.

Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay
Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw
And twist 'em up a tune called Turkey in the Straw.

Went out to milk, and I didn't know how,
I milked the goat instead of the cow.
A monkey sittin' on a pile of straw,
A-winkin' at his mother-in-law.

Met Mr. Catfish comin' down stream.
Says Mr. Catfish, "What does you mean?"
Caught Mr. Catfish by the snout,
And turned Mr. Catfish wrong side out.

Came to a river and I couldn't get across,
Paid five dollars for a blind old hoss;
Wouldn't go ahead, nor he wouldn't stand still,
So he went up and down like an old saw mill.

As I came down the new cut road,
Met Mr. Bullfrog, met Miss Toad
And every time Miss Toad would sing,
Old Bullfrog cut a pigeon wing.

Oh I jumped in the seat and I gave a little yell
The horses ran away, broke the wagon all to hell
Sugar in the gourd and honey in the horn
I never been so happy since the day I was born.

The black nag

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩. = 180

LAm SOL LAm MIm LAm MIm | 1 LAm | 2 LAm

Am G Am Em Am Em | 1 | 2

B)

MIm LAm

Em Am

MIm LAm MIm | 1 LAm | 2 LAm

Em Am Em | 1 Am | 2 Am

Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, AA BB AA BB AA BB.

A |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ |

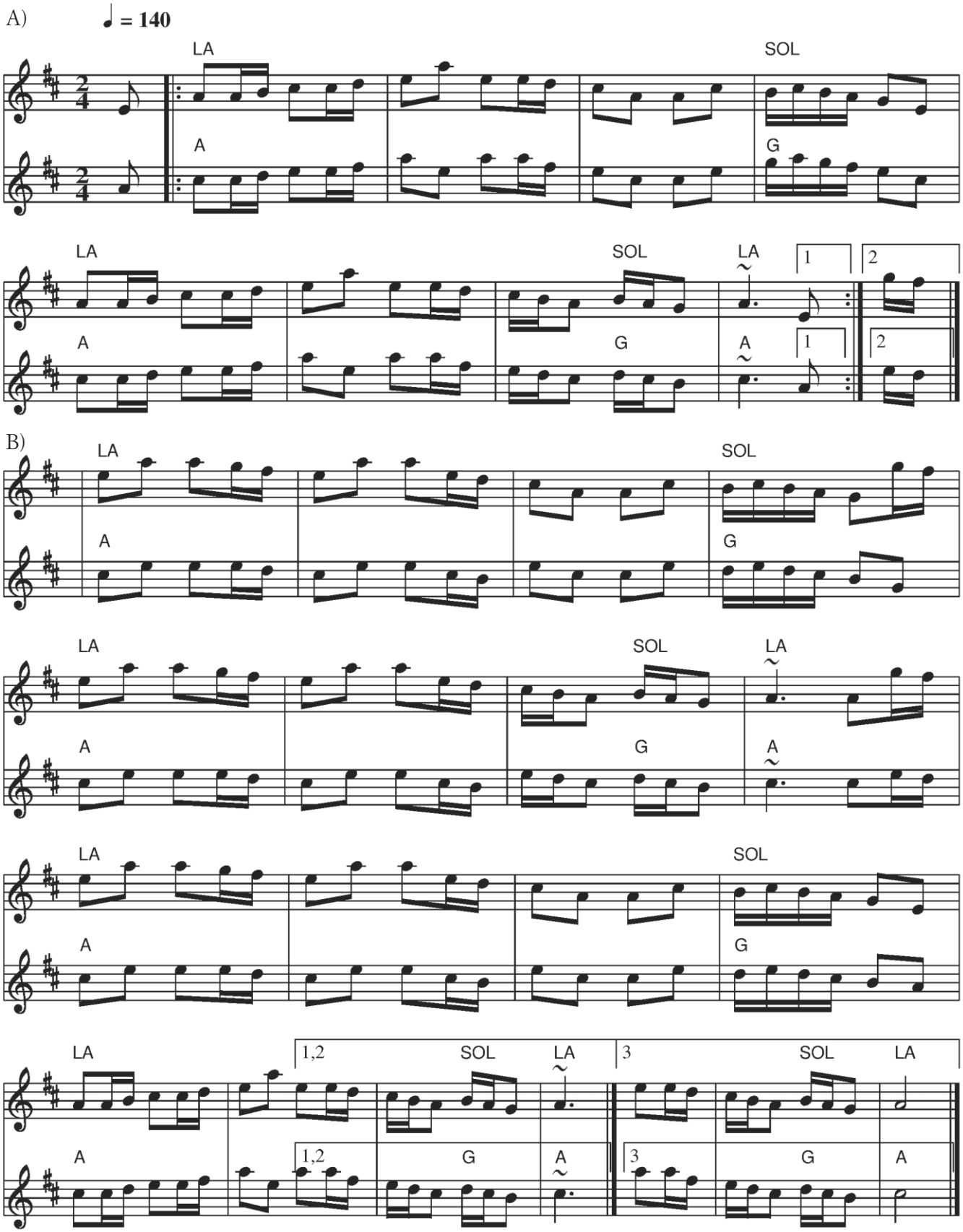
| ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ :|

B |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ |

| ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ :|

Campbell's farewell

Trad. (Irish)

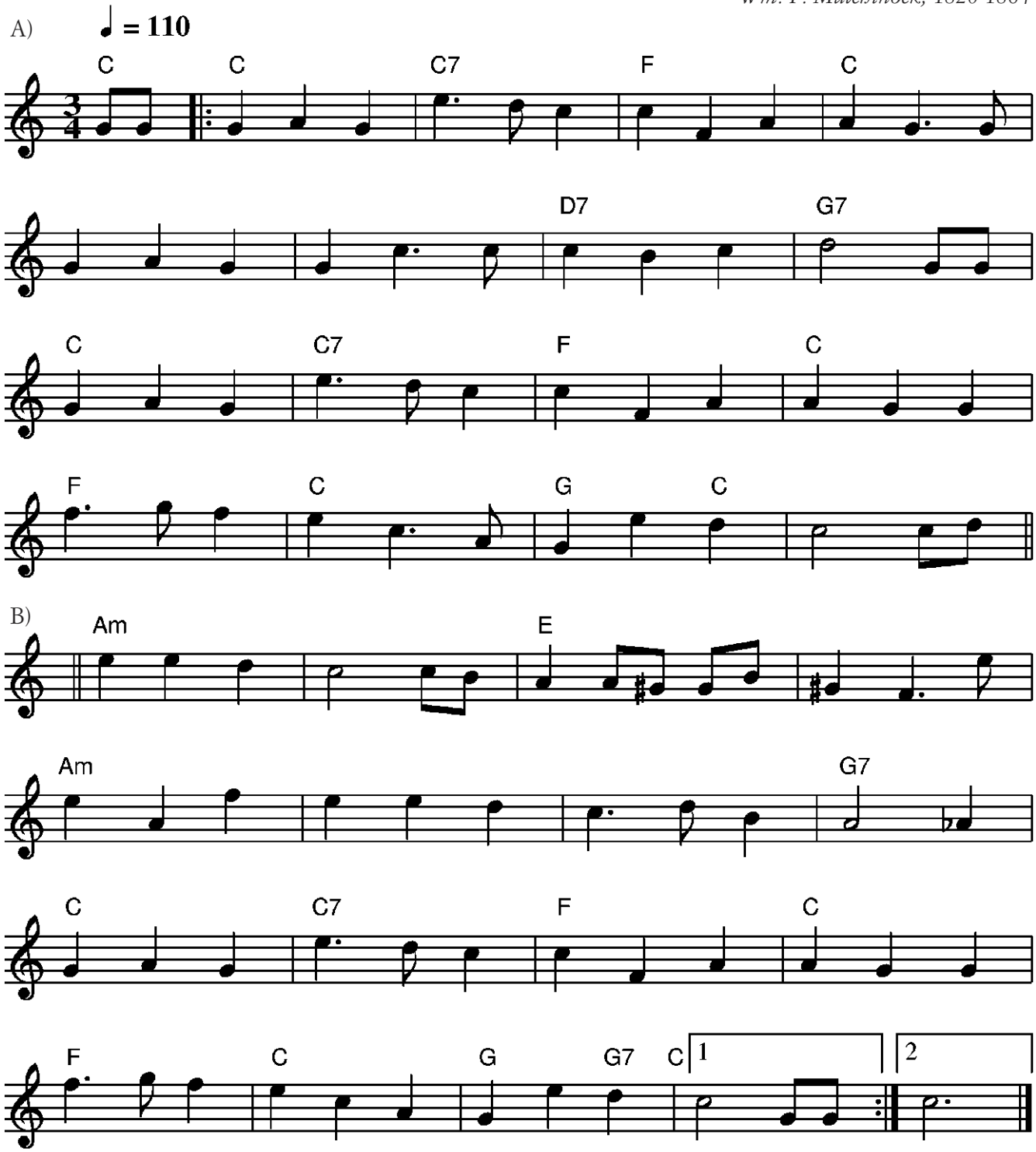


Notes: 2/4 (polka), 140 bpm, AA B AA (B ripetere 3 volte il finale / repeat 3 times final part).

AB | ⇩⬆:|

The rose of Tralee

Trad. (Irish)
Wm. P. Mulchinock, 1820-1864



Notes: 3/3 (slow waltz song), 110 bpm, AB AB.

Bodhrán: no

Oh the pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
the sun was declining beneath the blue sea.
When I strayed with my love o'er the pure crystal fountain
that stands in the beautiful Vale of Tralee.

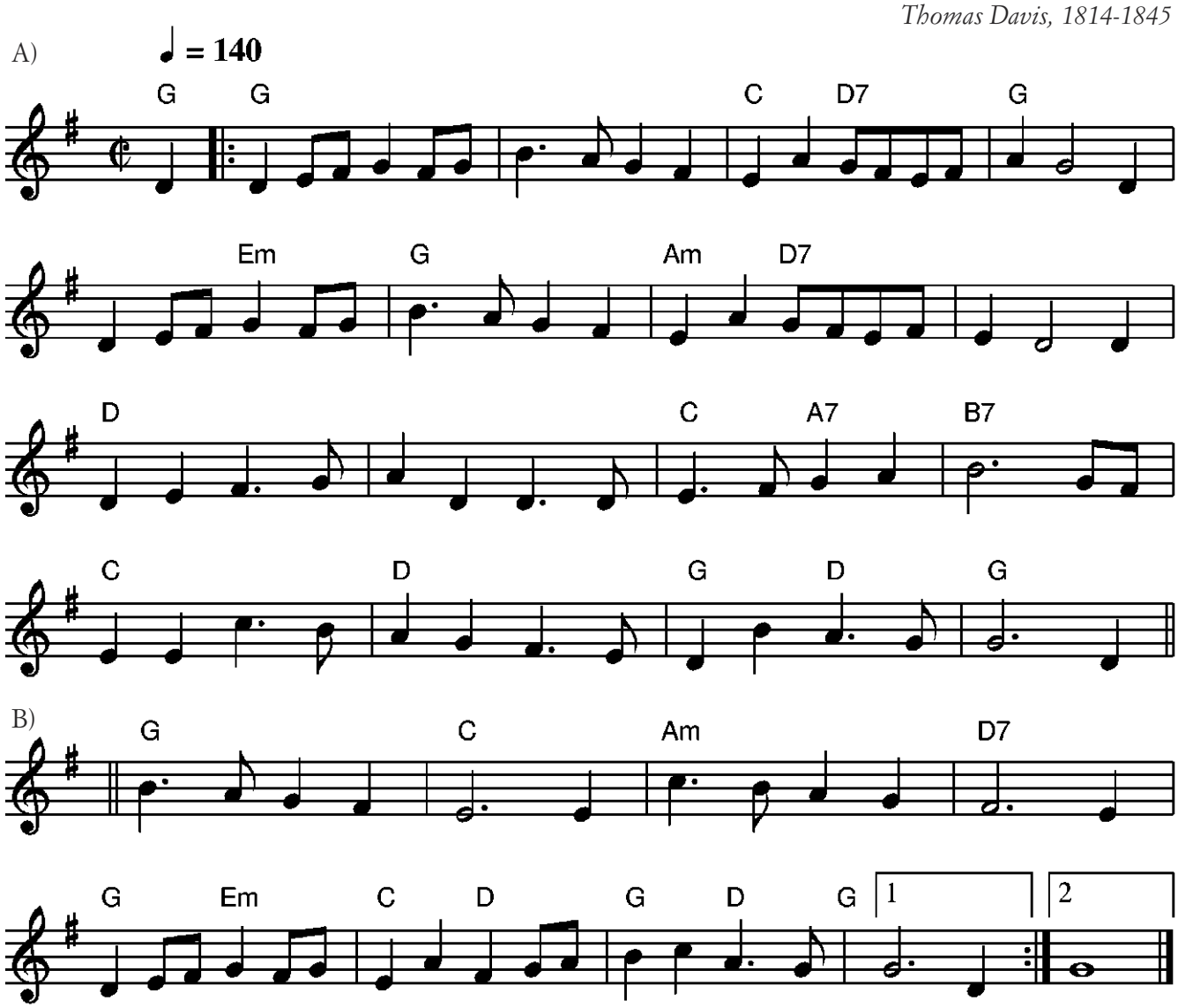
She was lovely and fair as she rose in the summer.
yet t'was not her beauty alone that won me.
Oh no t'was the truth in her eyes ever dawning
that made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading
and Mary, all smiling, sat listening to me.
The Moon thro' the valley her pale rays was shedding
when I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Tho' lovely and fair as the rose of the summer
yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me,
Oh! no, 'twas the truth in here eyes ever dawning
that made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

A nation once again

Trad. (Irish)
Thomas Davis, 1814-1845



Notes: ¢ (song), 140 bpm, AB AB AB AB (se cantata / when singing).

A |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ – ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ – :|

B |: ↓ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ :|

When boyhood's fire was in my blood
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three hundred men and three men;
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland. long a province, be
A Nation once again!

Chorus: A nation once again,
A nation once again,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shown a far light,
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fame,
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
A Nation once again.

Chorus.

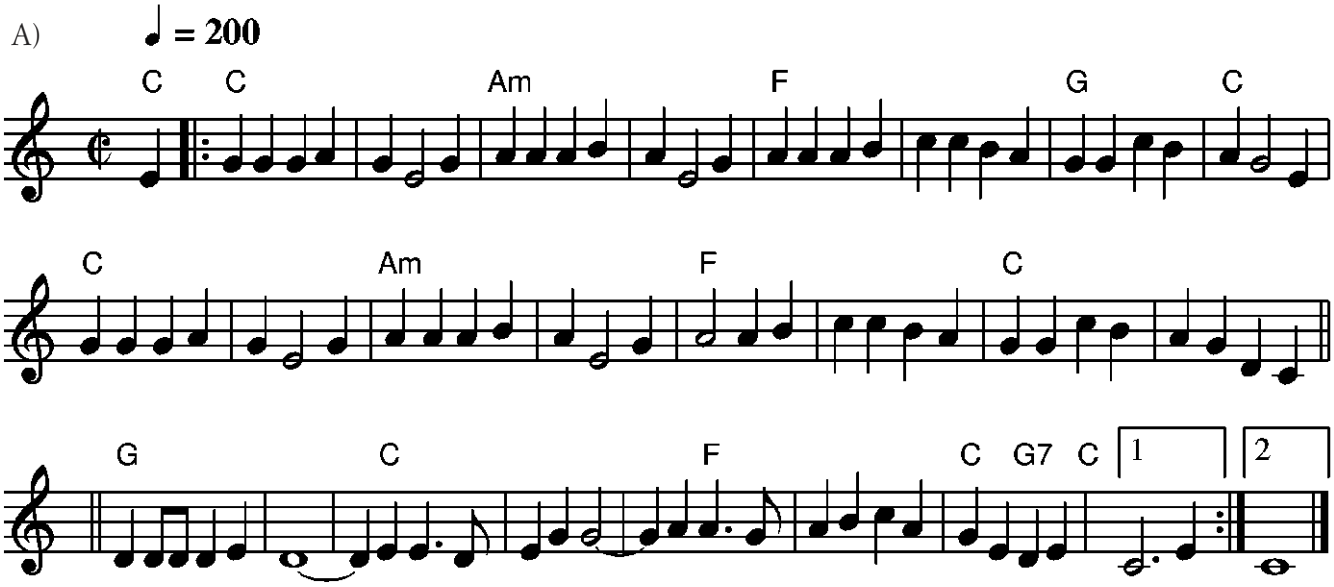
It whisper'd too, that freedom's ark,
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feeling dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A nation once again!

Chorus.

Whiskey in the jar

Trad. (Irish)

A)



Notes: ¢ (song), 200 bpm, AB AB AB AB AB.

A |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

As I was going over the far famed Kerry Mountains
I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistols abd then produced my rapier,
saying stand and deliver for you are my bold deceiver with your

Chorus: whack fol the diddle day. whack fol the diddle
o whack fol the diddle oh there's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out my money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
but the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

Chorus.

I went into my chamber for to take a slumber
I dreamt of golden and sure it was no wonder
for Jenny took my charges and filled them up with water
and sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus.

'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel.
The guards were all around me and like wise Captain Farrell
I then produced my pistol for she stle away my rapier.
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

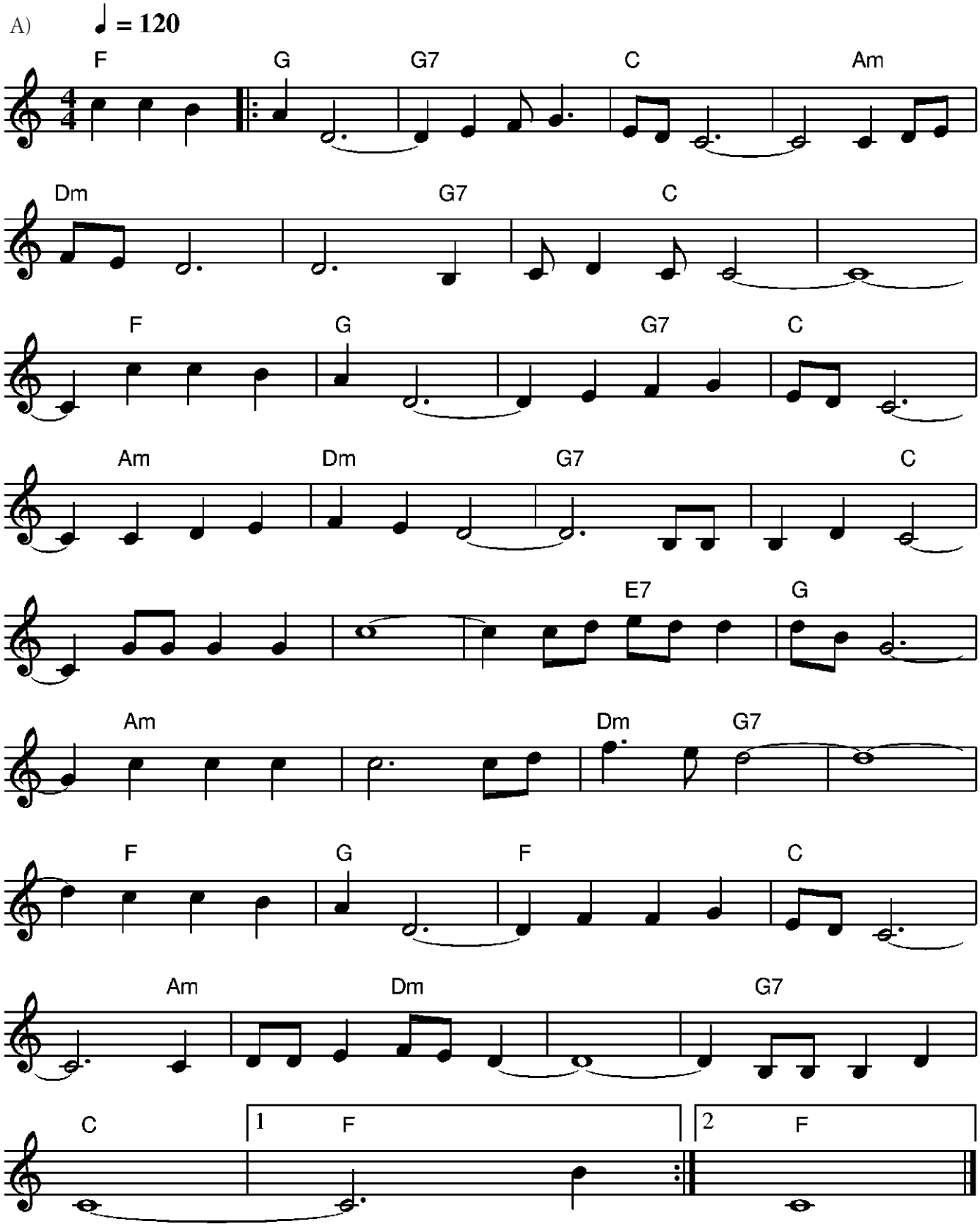
Chorus.

If anyone can aid me it's my brother in the army,
I think that he stationed in Cork or in Killarney,
and if he'd come and join me, we'd go rovin' in Kilkenny.
I swear he'd treat me fairer then me darling sporting Jenny.

Chorus.

Carrickfergus

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (song), 120 bpm, (A intro flauto/flute) A A A.

Bodhrán: no.

I wish I was in Carrickfergus only for nights in Ballygran.
I would swim over the deepest ocean, the deepest ocean for my love to find.
But the sea is wide and I can not swim over and neither have I the wings to fly.
If I could find me a handsome boat man to ferry me over to my love and die.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections of happy times I spent so long ago.
My boyhood friends and my own relations have all passed on now like melting snow.
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming, soft is the grass, my bed is free.
Ah! to be back now in Carrickfergus, on that long road down to the sea.

And in Kilkenny, it is reported, there are marble stones as black as ink
With gold and silver I would support her, but I'll sing no more now till I get a drink
I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober, a handsome rover from town to town.
Ah! but I'm sick now, my days are numbered, so come all ye young men and lay me down.

Segue: attacco 6/8 su nota finale *prolungata* e continua con
Apple blossom. ➨
Follow-up: start beat 6/8 over *kept–on* final note and join to

Apple blossom

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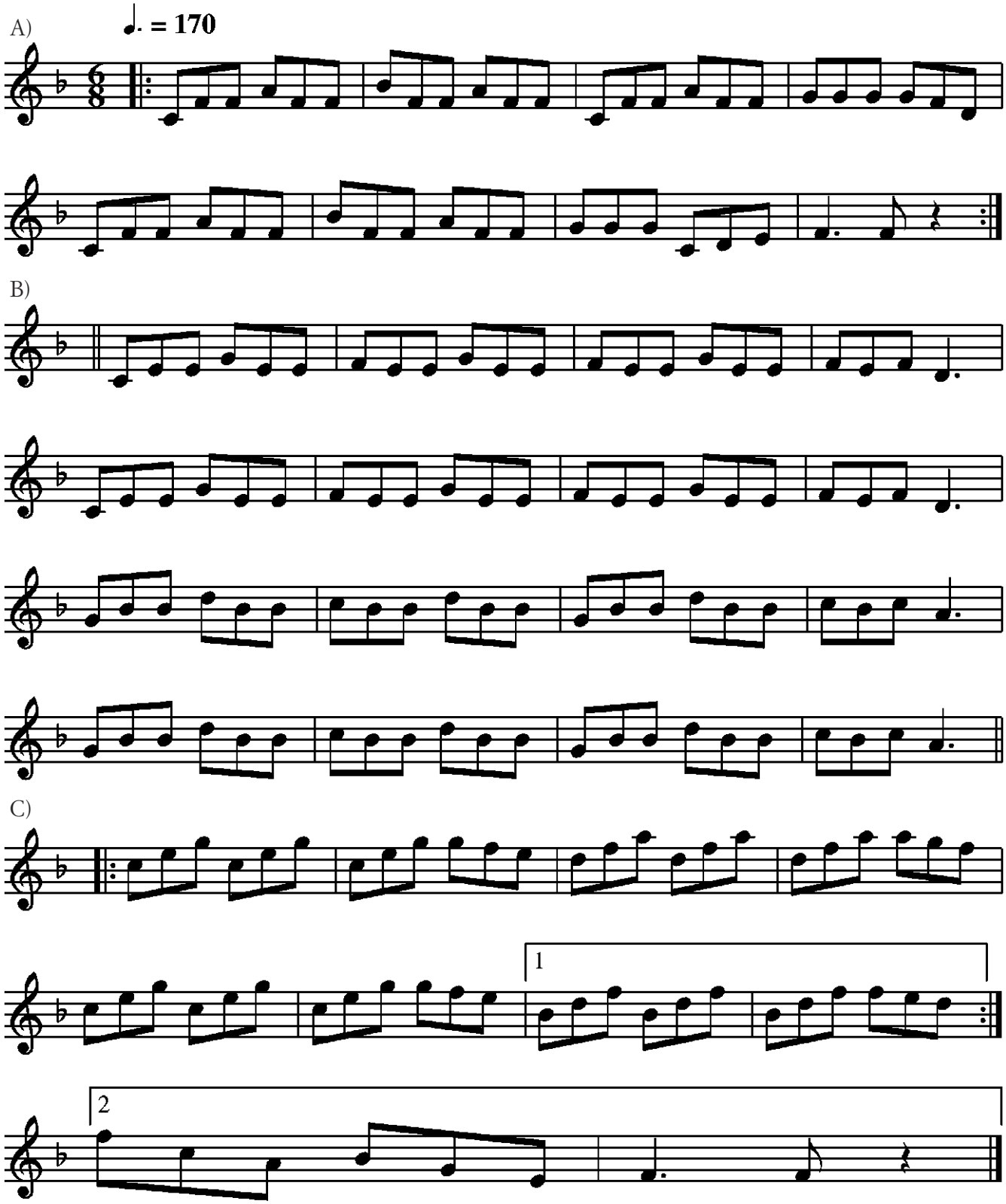


Notes: 6/8 (jig), 170 bpm, AA B CC AA B CC.

A |:↓⇧⇩↑⇩⇧ | ↓⇧⇩↑▭⇧:| x3 | ↓▭⇩↑⇩⇧ | ↓▭⇩↑▭⇧ |

B |:↓▭⇩↑⇩⇧ | ↓⇧⇩↑▭⇧:| x4

C |:↓▭⇩↑▭⇧ | ↓▭⇩↑⇩⇧:| x4

The Atholl Highlander

Trad. (Irish)

A)

♩. = 180

B)

C)

D)

Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, AA BB CC DD.

Chitarra: LA RE LA MI LA / guitar: A D A E A. Segue/join to: *The rock and the wee pickle tow.* ➨

Bodhrán: skip in battere e levare (zoppa) / alternate skips for up and down beats.

A |: ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

B |: ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

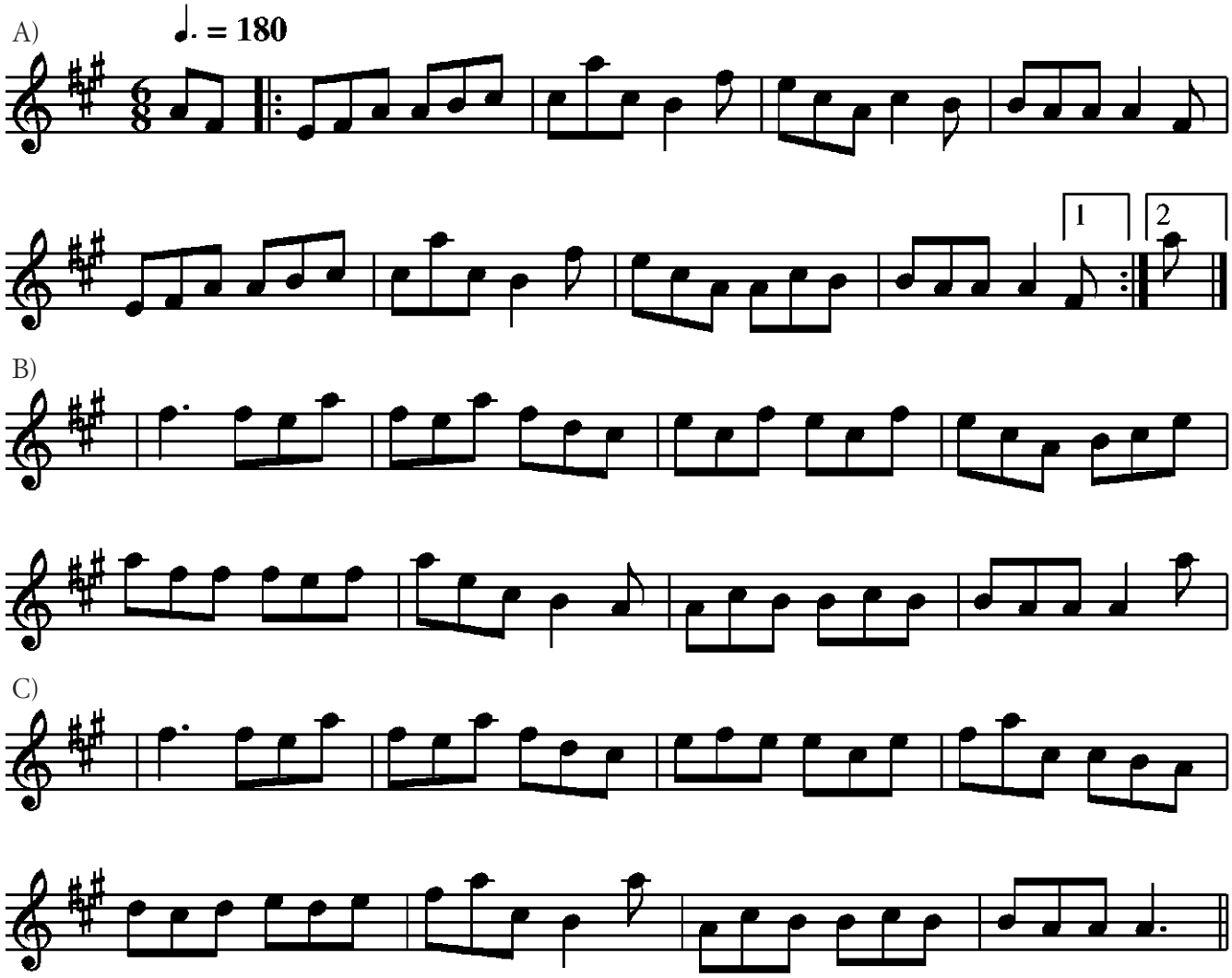
C |: ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

D |: ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ |

| ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The rock and the wee pickle tow

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 6/8 (jig) 180 bpm, AA B C.
Chitarra: LA RE LA MI LA / guitar: A D A E A.

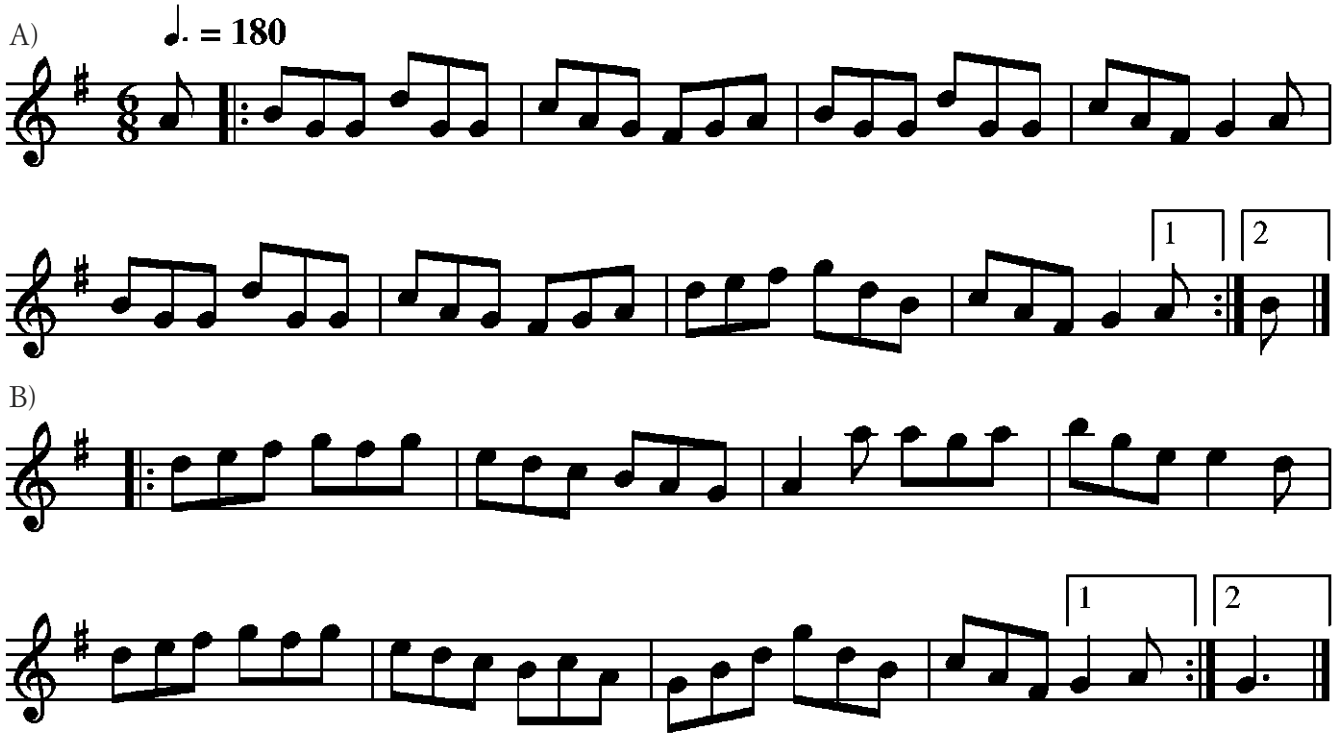
Bodhrán: skip in battere e levare (zoppa) / alternates skips for up and down beats.

A |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⬆ ▭ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⬆ ▭ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ :|

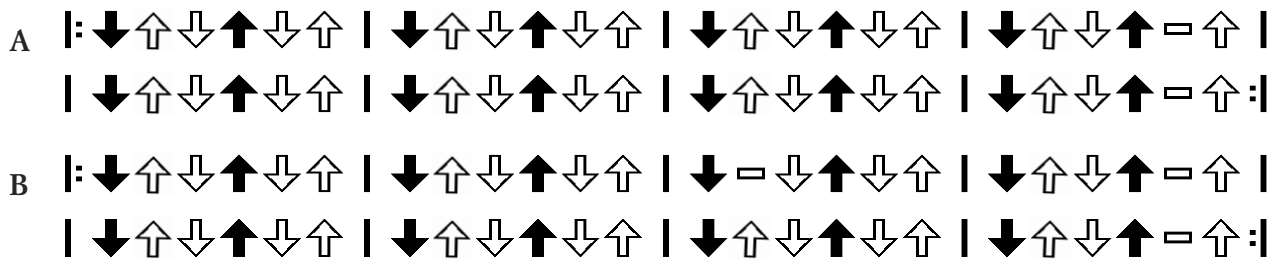
BC |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The humours of Ballingary

Trad. (Irish)

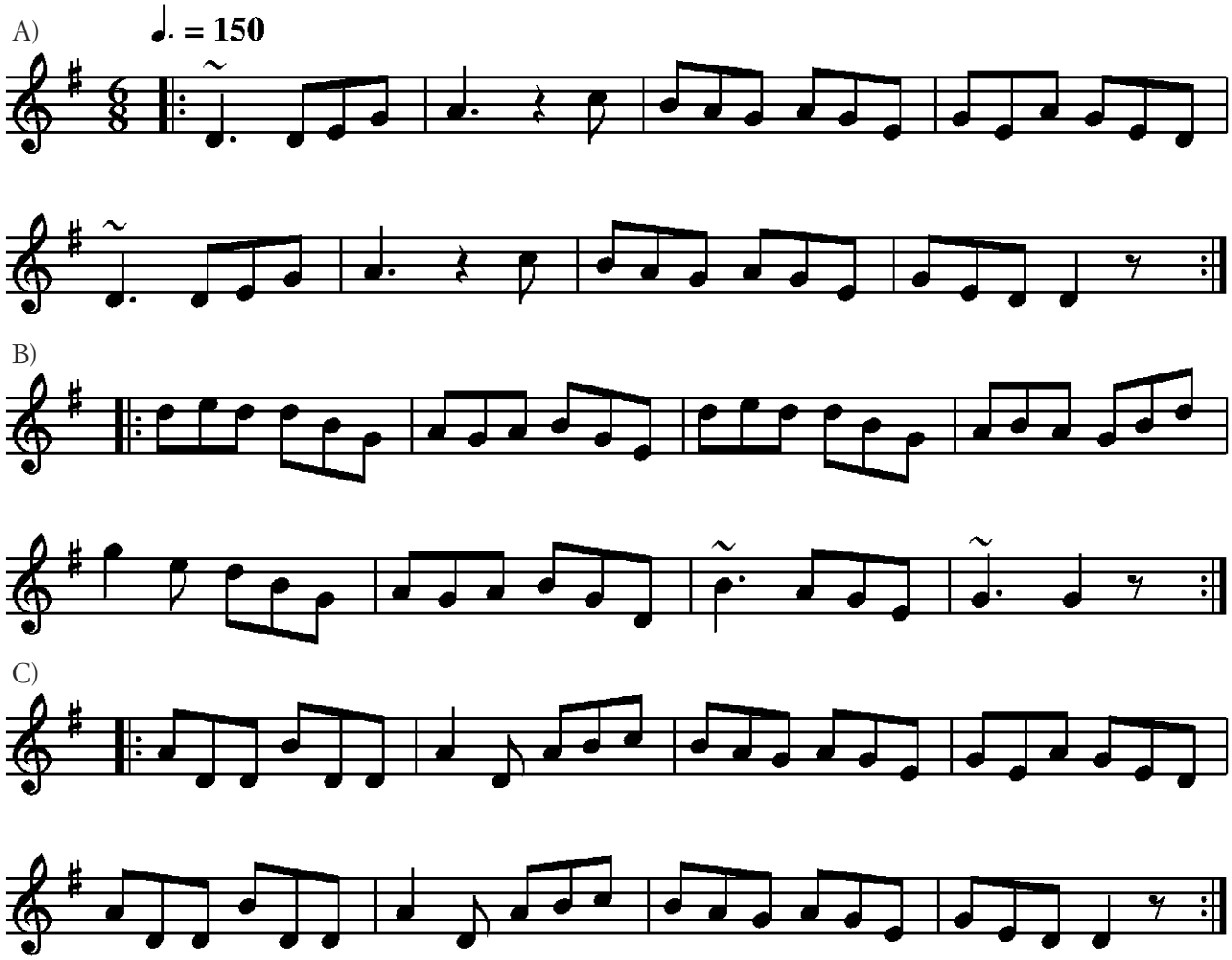


Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, (A flauto/flute, adagio/slow)A BB AA BB.
Chitarra: SOL DO RE SOL | SOL DO RE DO SOL RE SOL / guitar: G C D G | G C D C G D G.



The Blarney pilgrim

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 6/8 (jig), 150 bpm, (A violino) A BB CC (A tronca 4º ottavo, rallentando)
(A fiddle) A BB CC (A truncated at 4th 1/8, slowing down).

Chitarra: SOL RE DO RE SOL / guitar: G D C D G.

AB |: ↓ ▭ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ :|

C |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ :|

The banjo reel

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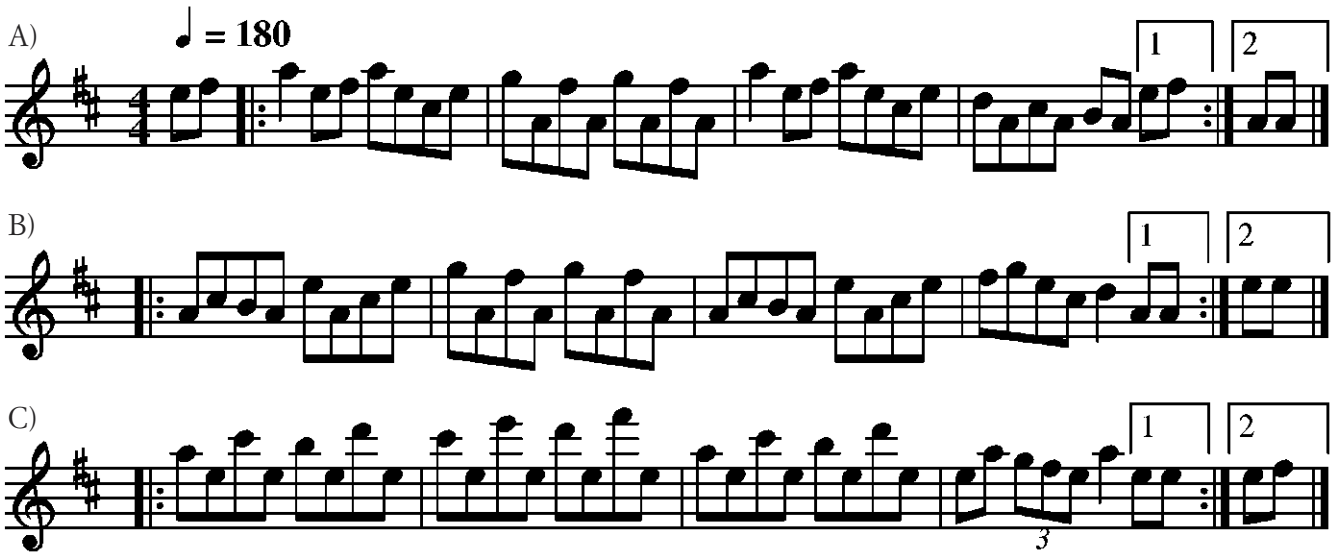


Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, AA BB AA BB CC AA BB CC AB CC.

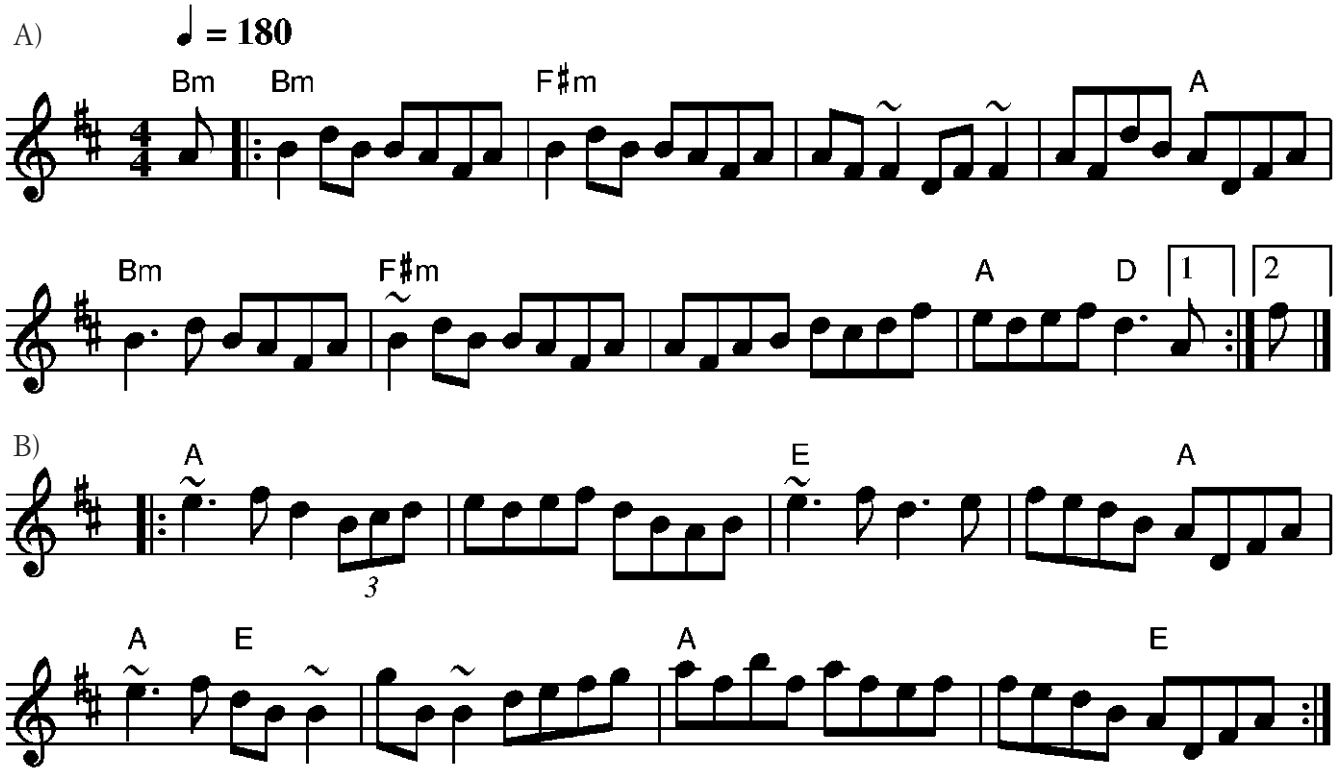
AB |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

C |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ |

| ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

The Earl's chair

Trad. (Irish)

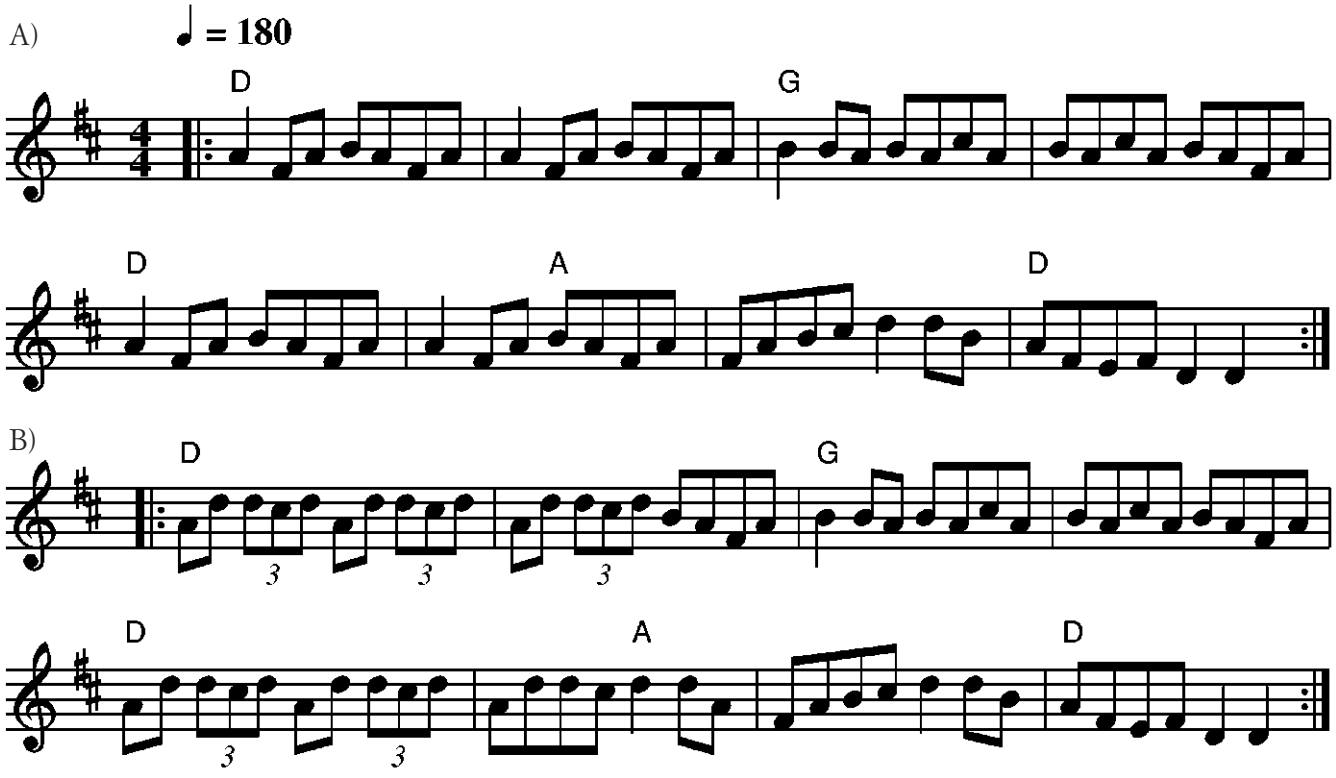


Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, AA BB. Segue/join to *The concertina reel.* ➡

AB |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The concertina reel

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, AA BB.

AB |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

Otter's holt

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩ = 180

B)

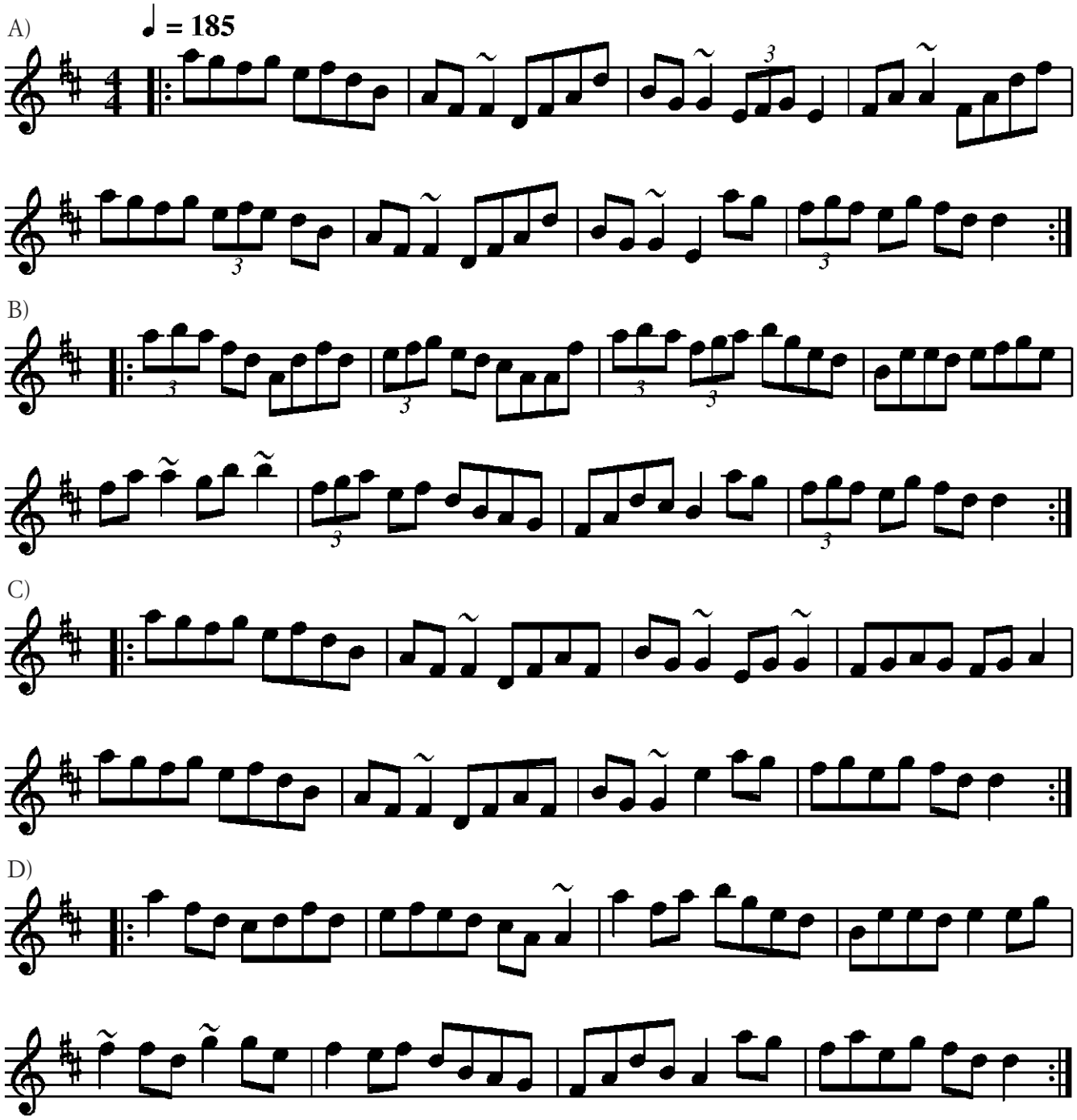
Notes: 4/4 (reel) 180 bpm, (A flauto / flute) A BB AA BB.
Chitarra: LA RE LA RE_SOL_RE / guitar: A D A D_G_D
Segue/join to: *Skylark.* ➡

A |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ :|

B |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

Skylark

Trad. (Irish)

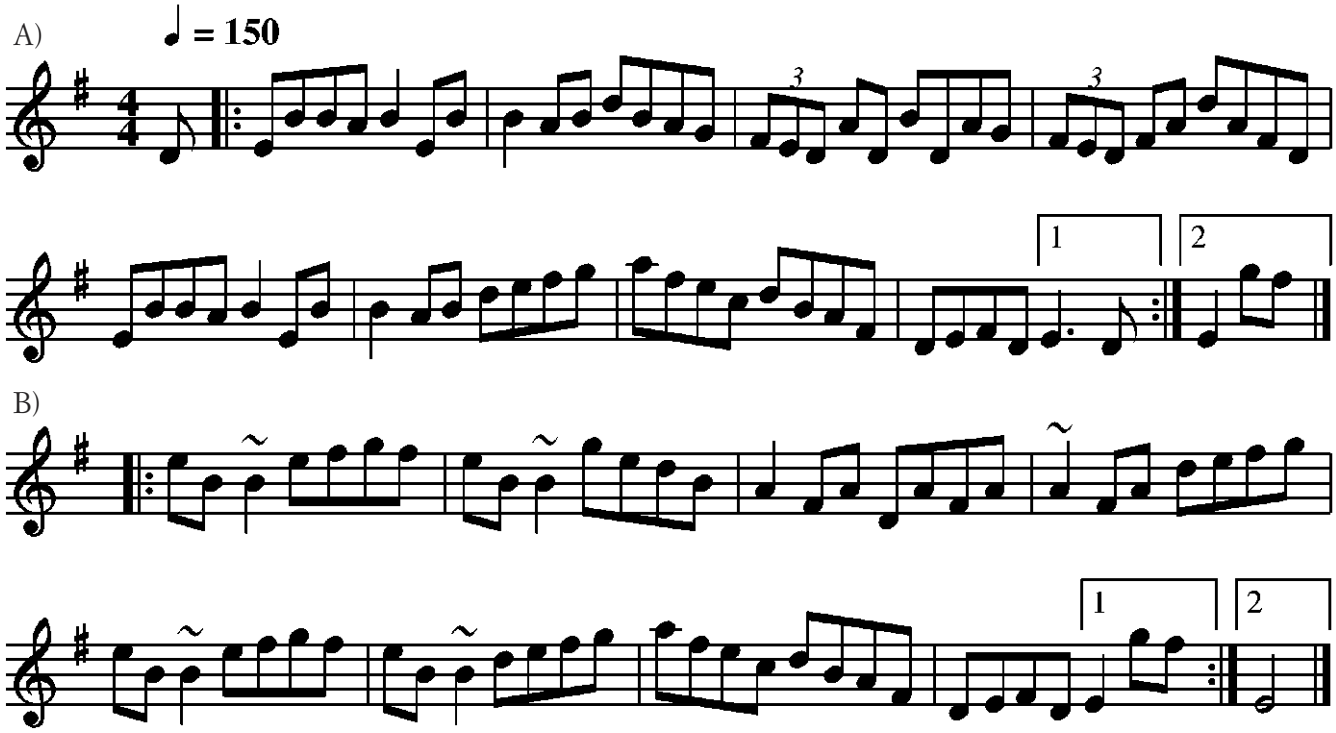


Notes: 4/4 (reel) 185 bpm, AA BB CC DD.
Chitarra: LA RE LA RE_SOL_RE / guitar: A D A D_G_D.

ABCD |: ⬇ ▭ ↓↑↓⇧ :|

Cooley's reel

Trad. (Irish)

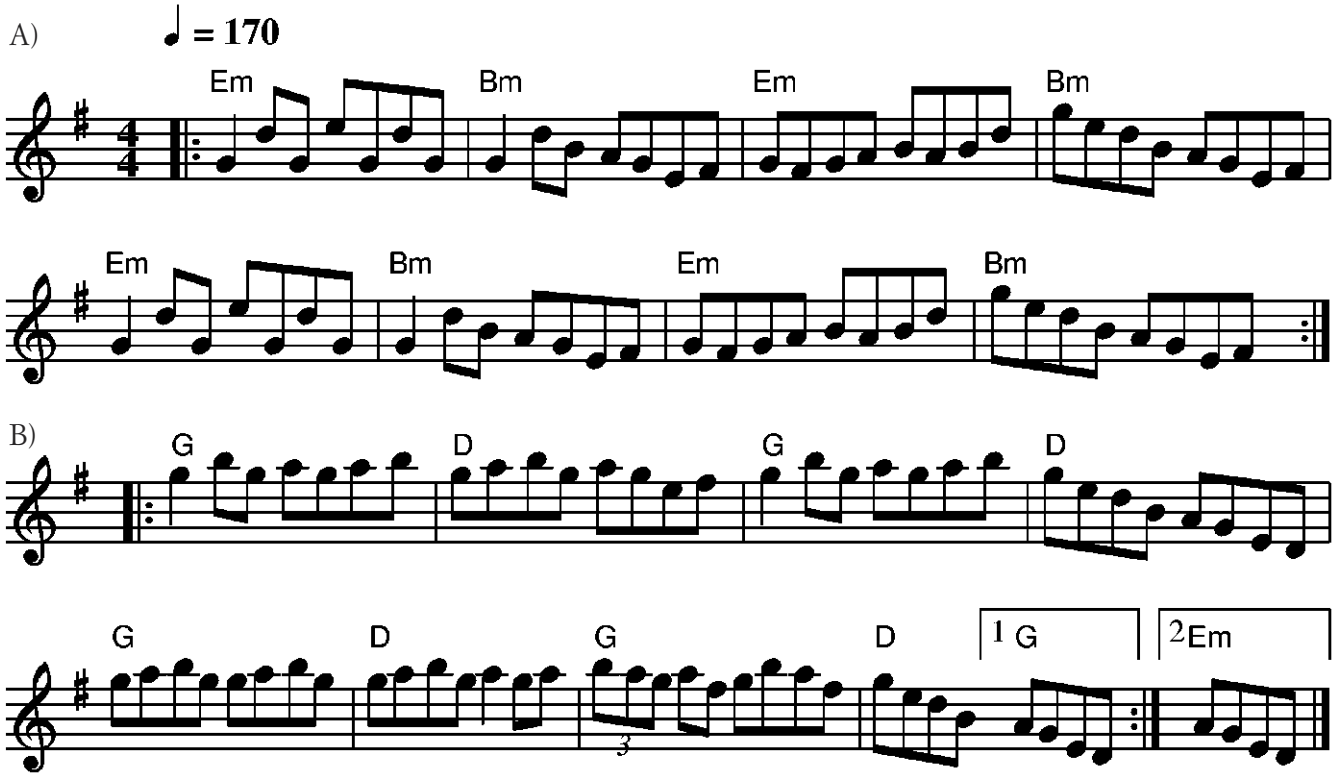


Notes: 4/4 (reel), 150 bpm, (A flauto/flute) A BB. Chitarra: MI-^{7} SI-^{7} LA-^{7} / Em^{7} Bm^{7} Am^{7}.
Segue/join to: *The Galway rambler*. ➡

AB |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ▭ | ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The Galway rambler

Trad. (Irish)

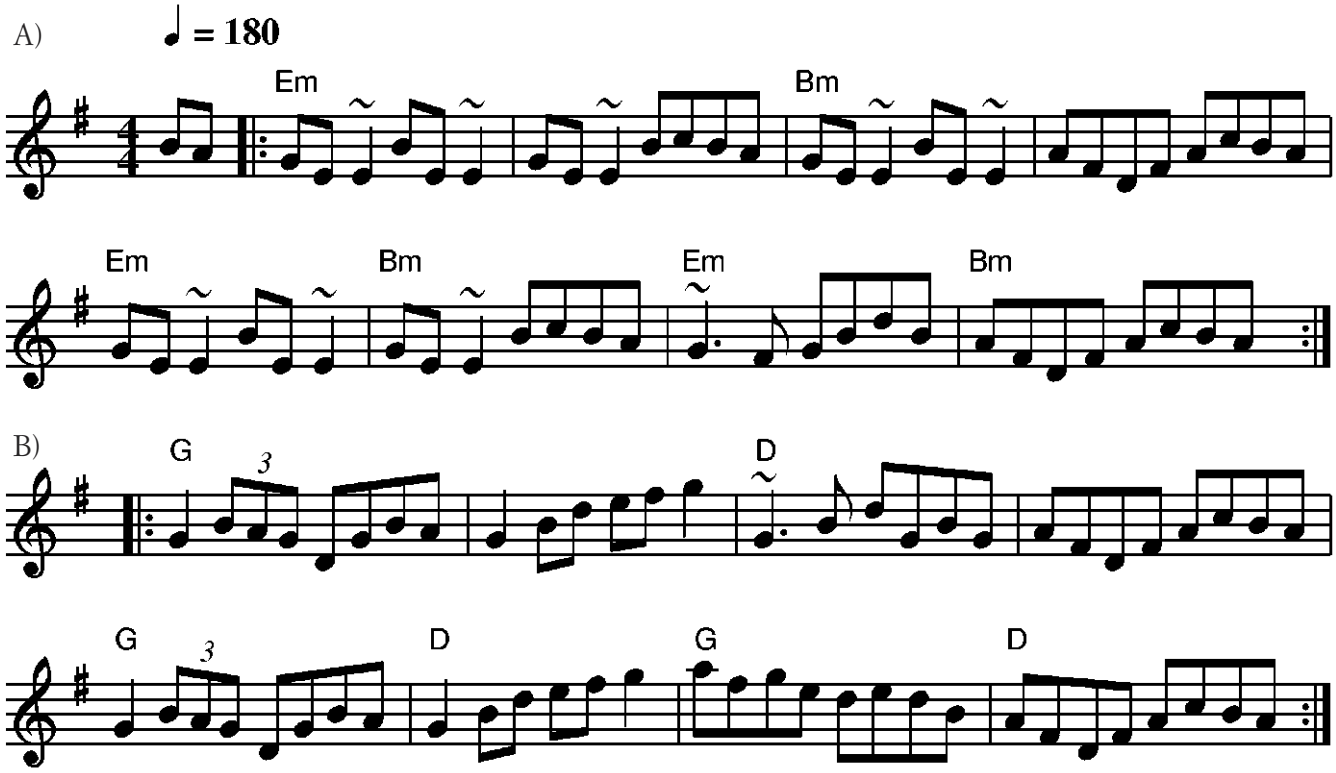


Notes: 4/4 (reel), 170 bpm, AA BB (accelerare/speed up) AA BB.
Segue/join to: *The Fermoy lasses.* ➡

AB |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ▭ | ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The Fermoy lasses

Trad. (Irish)

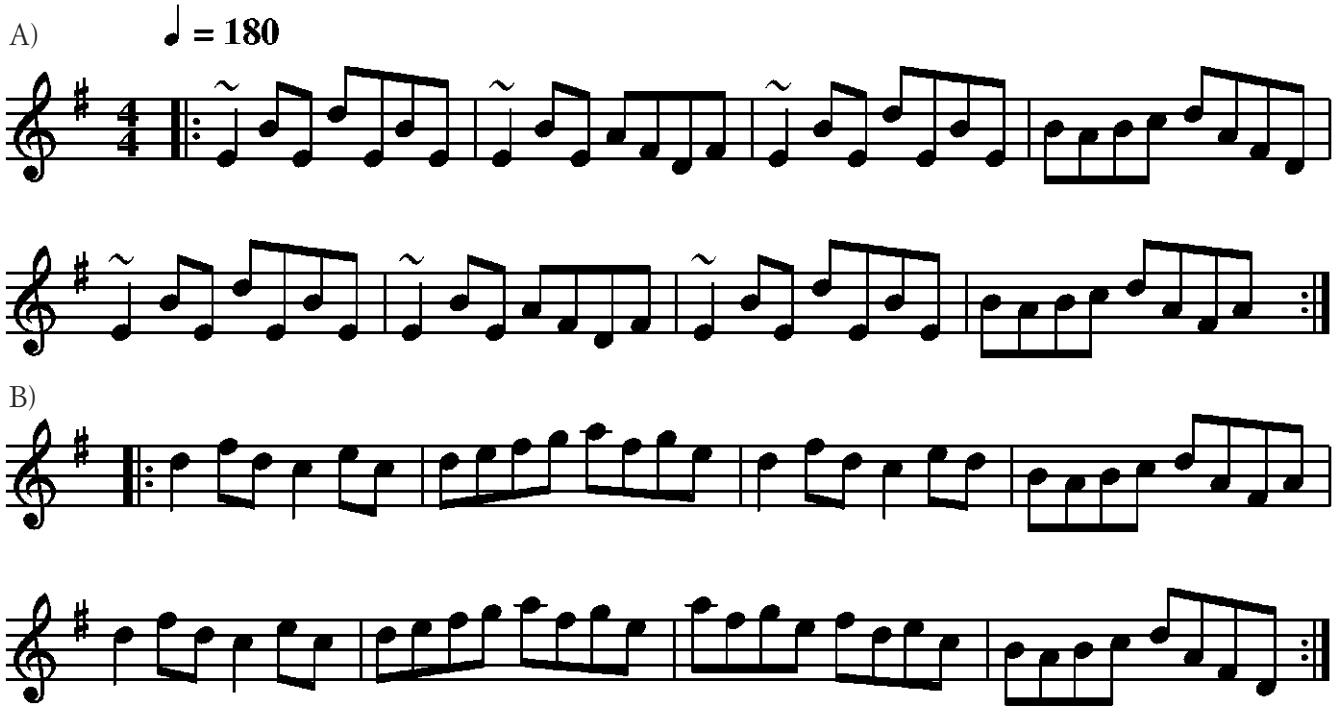


Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, AA BB. Segue/join to: *Drowsy Maggie*. ➡

AB |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ▭ ⇧ :|

Drowsy Maggie

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, AA BB AA BB.

AB |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :| or |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The minstrel boy

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩ = 130

A7 D G D Bm G D A7 D

D G D G D A7 D

D A Em F♯m D G D G A7 D

D G D G Bm D A7 D A7

Notes: 4/4 (song) 130 bpm, cantata/singing: A(strumentale) AA(cantata/sing) A(instrumental fading-out), solo strumentale / instrumental: A A A.

Bodhrán: tocco leggero / very light touch.

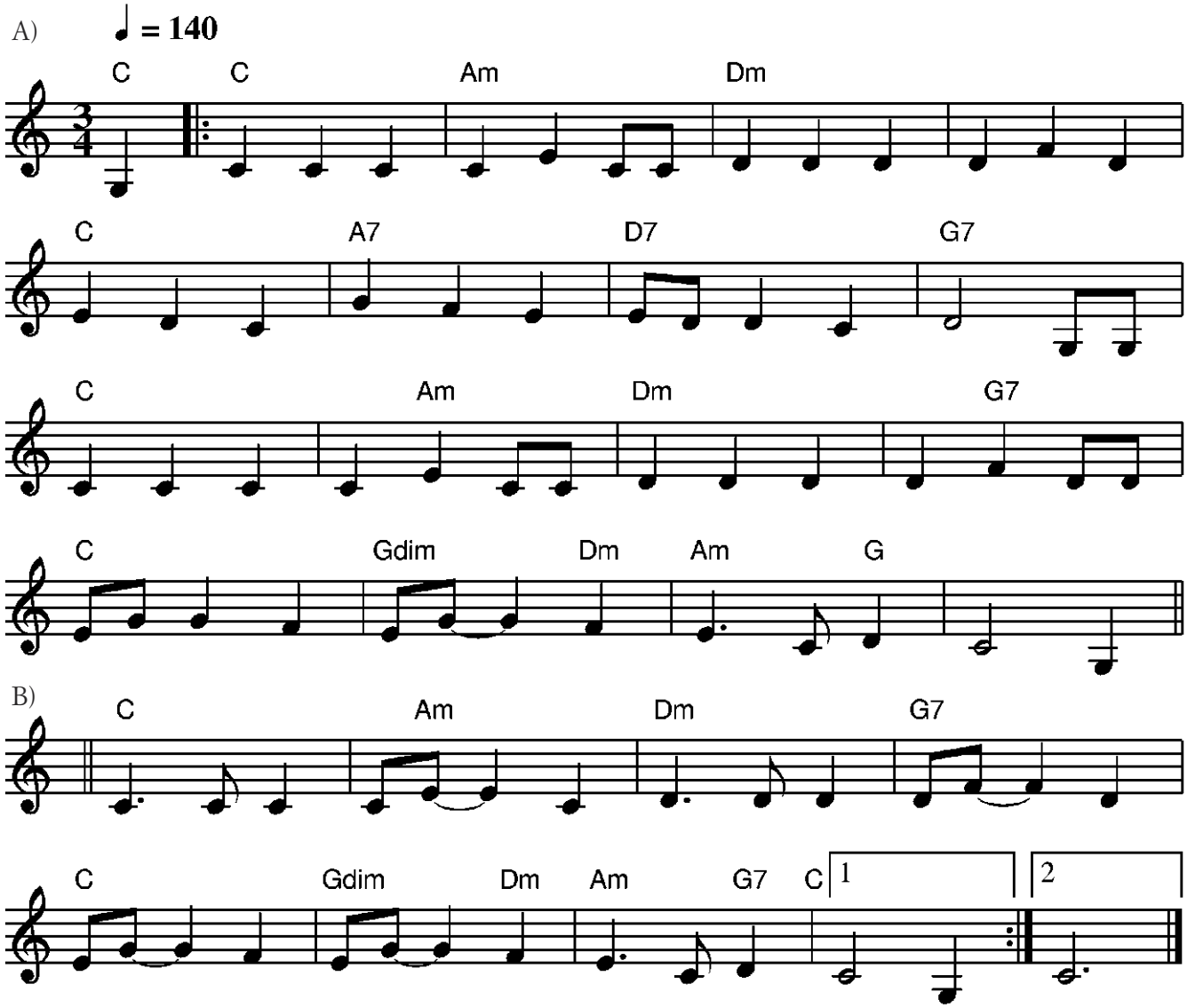
A |: ↓ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ :| or |: ↓ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The Minstrel boy to the war has gone
in the ranks of death you will find him.
His fathers sword he has girded on
and his wild harp slung behind him.
Land of song said the warrior bard
tough all the world betray thee.
One sword at least thy right shall guard
one faithful harp shall praise thee.

The Minstrel fell! - but the foeman's chain
could not bring his proud soul under.
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again
for he tore its chords assunder.
And said: "No chains shall sully thee
thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
they shall never sound in slavery".

Molly Malone (Cockles and mussels)

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 3/4 (waltz/song), 140 bpm, AB AB AB.

Bodhrán: no.

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheels her wheel barrow
thro' the streets broad and narrow
crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!

Chorus: alive, alive, oh! alive, alive, oh!
crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder
for so were her father and mother before
and they both wheeled their barrow
thro' the streets broad and narrow
crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!

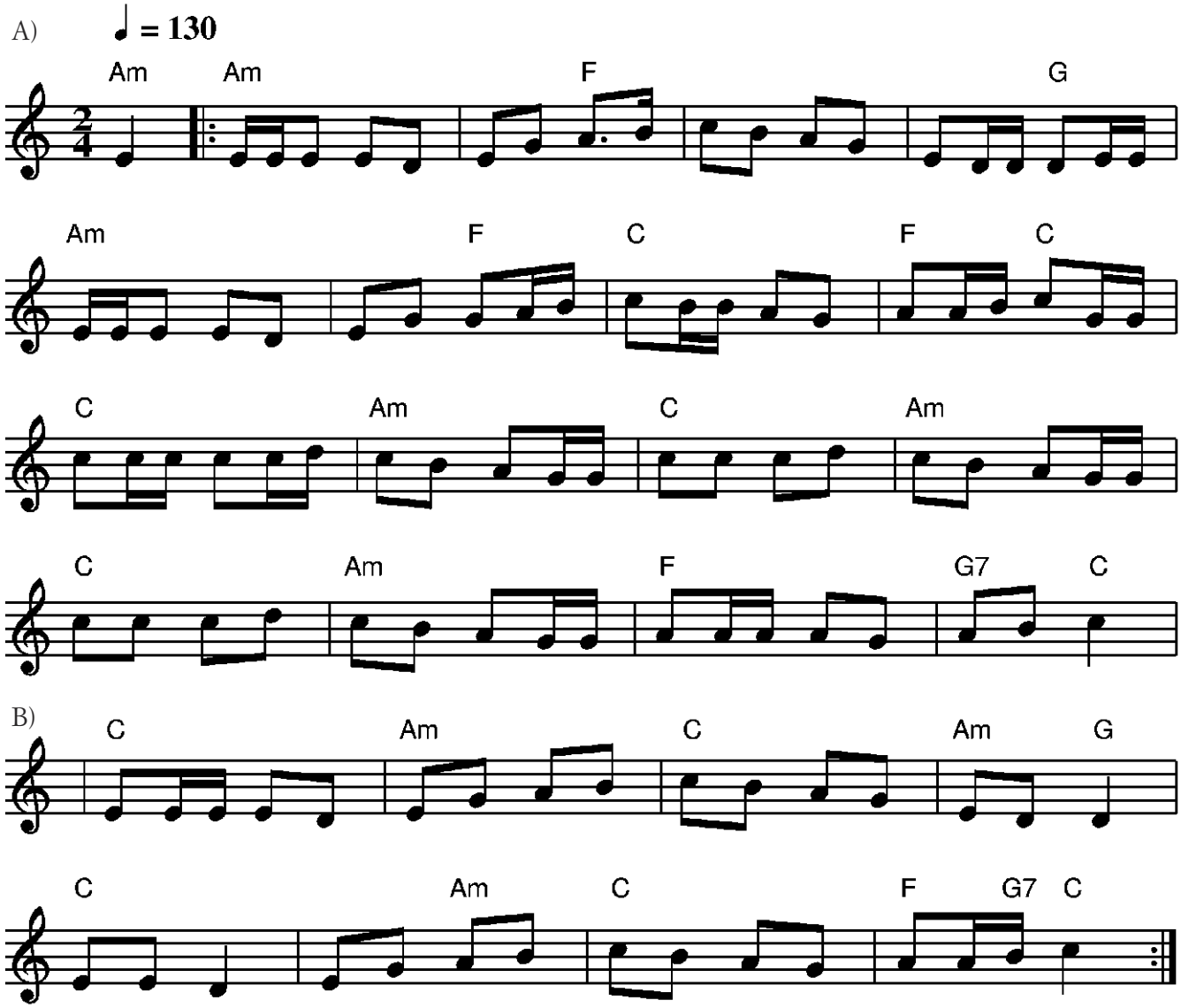
Chorus.

She died of a ferevr, and no one could save her.
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
but her ghost wheels her barrow
thro' the streets broad and narrow
crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!

Chorus.

Finnigan's wake

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 2/4 (ballad), 130 bpm, strumentale/instrumental: AB AB AB,
cantata/singing: (A strumentale senza coro / instrumental, skip chorus) AB AB AB AB AB,

Bodhrán: skip alternati su battere e levare / alternate skips for up and down beats.

AB |: ⬇ ⇧ :|

Tim Finnigan lived in Walker street, a gentle Irish man mighty odd.
He'd beautiful brogue so rich and sweet and to rise in the world he carried a hod.
Now you see he'd a sort of a tippling way with a love of liquor, Rim was born
and to help him on hi way each day he'd a drop of the creatur evry morn.

Chorus: Whack for the hurrah take your partners round the floor ye trotters shake
Isn't the truth I told you lots of fun at Finnigab's wake.

One morning Tim was rather full; his head felt heavy which made him shake
He fell off the ladder and broke his skull, so they carried him home a corpse to wake
They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out upon the bed
whith plenty of candles around his feet, and a couple of dozen around his head.

Chorus.

His friends assembled at the wake, and Missus Finnigan called for lunch.
First they laid out tea and cakes, then pipes and tobacco and whiskey punch.
Then Biddy O'Brien began to cry, such a lovely corpse did you ever see?
Arrah! Tim avourneen why did you die; ah! none of your gab said Biddy Magee.

Chorus.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job; Arrah! Biddy says she, you're wrong I'm sure.
But Biddy gave her a belt on the gob, and left her sprawling on the floor.
Each side in the war did soon engage; 't was woman to woman and man to man.
Shillelagh-law was all the rage, and a row and a ruction soon began.

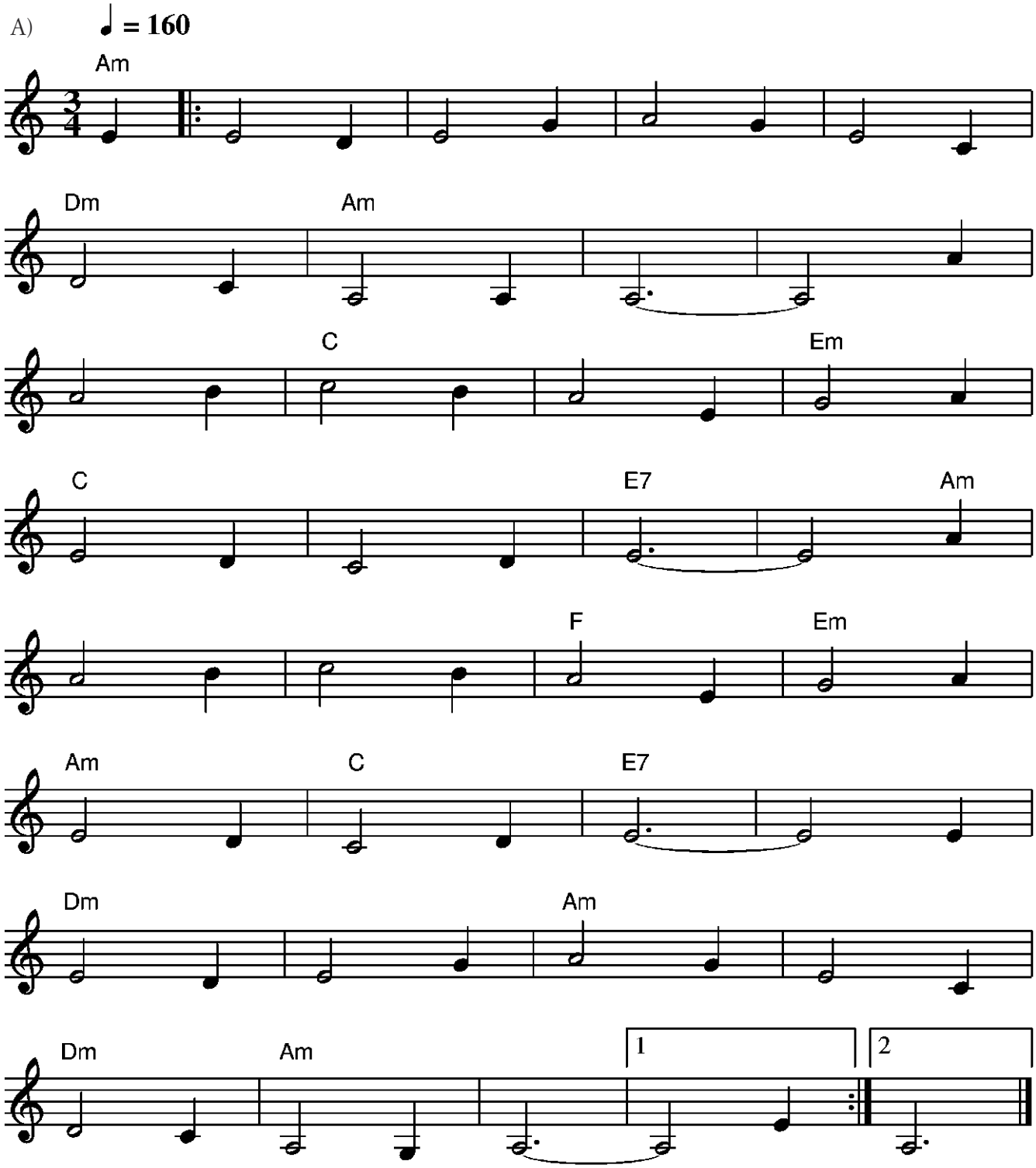
Chorus.

Mickey Maloney raised his head, when a gallon of whiskey flew at him.
It missed and landed on the bed, the whiskey scattered over Tim.
Bedad he revives! see how he rises. Tim Finnigan jumping from the bed,
Crying while he ran around like blazes, thundering blazes ye think I'm dead.

Chorus.

Old Skibbereen

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 3/4 (song), 160 bpm, cantata/singing: A A A A (violino inizia qui/fiddle starts here) A A, strumentale/instrumenal: A A A.

Bodhrán: solo leggera enfasi del ritmo su ultima ripertizione e solo se cantata / just a quiet highlight of the beat, only for last repetition and only when singing.

Oh father dear I often hear you speak og Erin's Isle.
Her lofty scenes her valleys green her mountains rude and wild.
They say it is a lovely land where in a prince might dwell.
Oh why did you abandon it the reason to me tell.

Oh, son I loved my native land with enerhy and pride
till a blight came o'er my crops; my sheep, my cattle died,
my rent and taxes were too high, I could not them redeem,
and that's the cruel reason that I left old Skibbereen.

Oh, well do I remember the bleak december day
the landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away:
they set my roof ob fire with cursed English spleen,
and that's another reason that I left old Skibbereen.

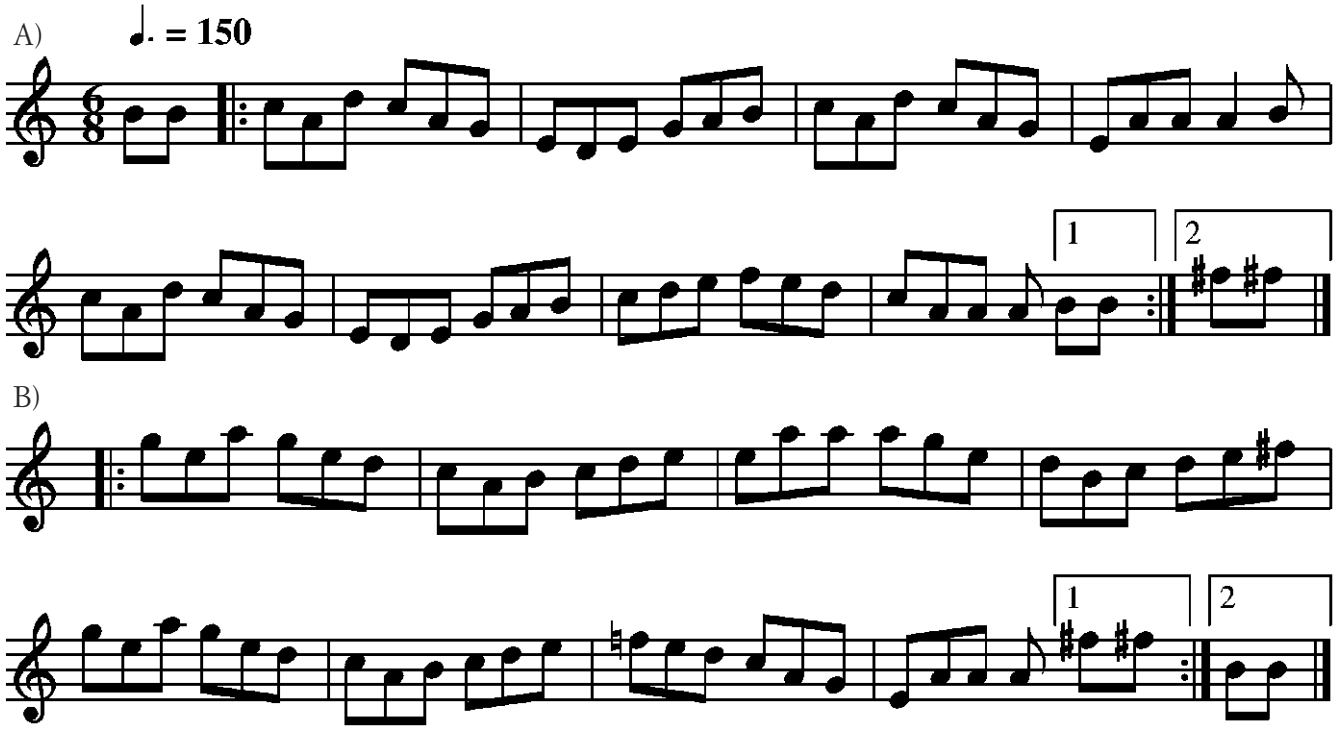
Your mother, too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy ground,
she fainted in her anguish, seeing the desolation round.
She never rose, but passwd away from life to mortal dream,
and found a quiet grave, my boy, in dear old Skibbereen.

And you where only two years old and feeble was your frame,
I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your father's name;
I wrapt you in my cotamore at the dead of night unseen
I heaved a sigh and bade goodbye, to dear old Skibbereen.

Oh, father dear, the day may come when in answer to (the) call
each Irishman, with feeling stern, will rally one and all.
I'll be the man to lead the van beneath the flag of green
when loud and high we'll raise the cry: "Remember Skibbereen".

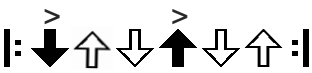
Brian O'Lynn

Trad. (Irish)



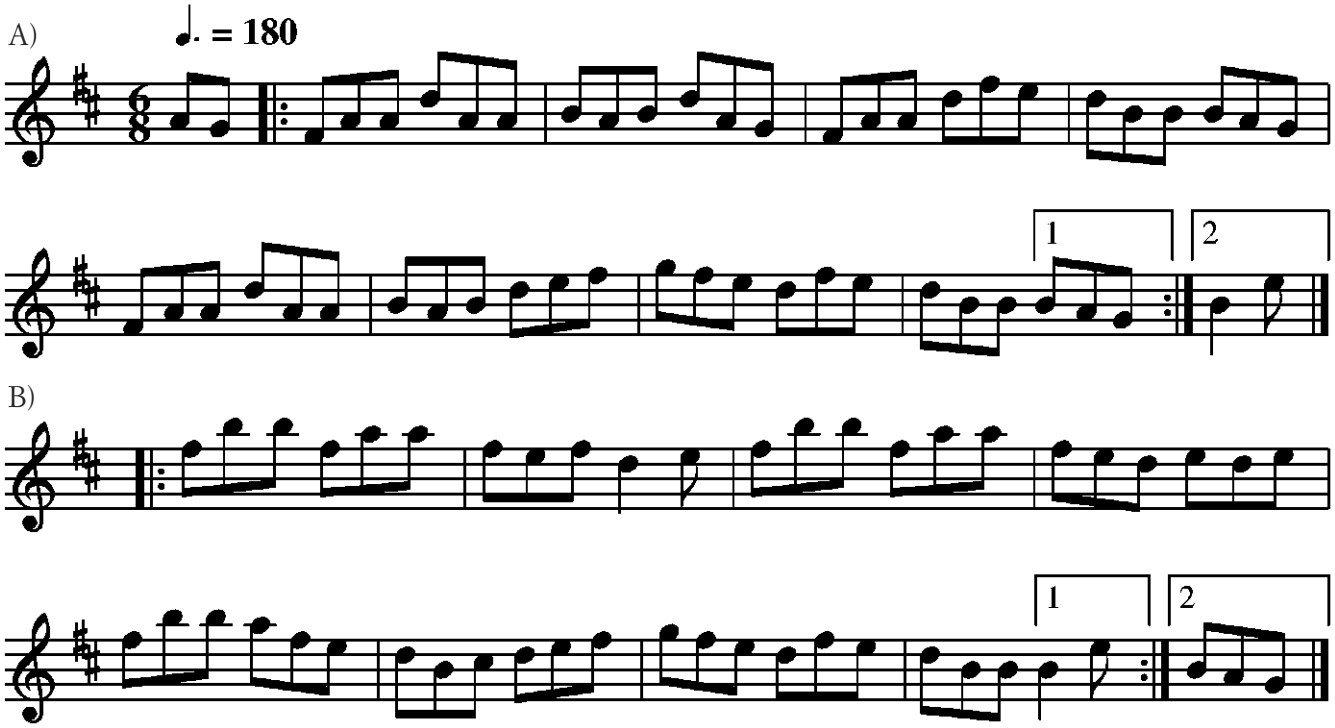
Notes: 6/8 (jig), 150 bpm, strumentale: AA BB AA BB (accelerando/speeding up AA BB), cantata/singing: (strumentale AA BB) AA B(strumentaleB accelerando/speeding-up AA BB).
Chitarra: LA- RE / guitar: Am D.

Bodhrán: accento molto marcato su 1 e 4 / very strong accent on 1 and 4.

A 

The Connaughtman's rambles

Trad. (Irish)



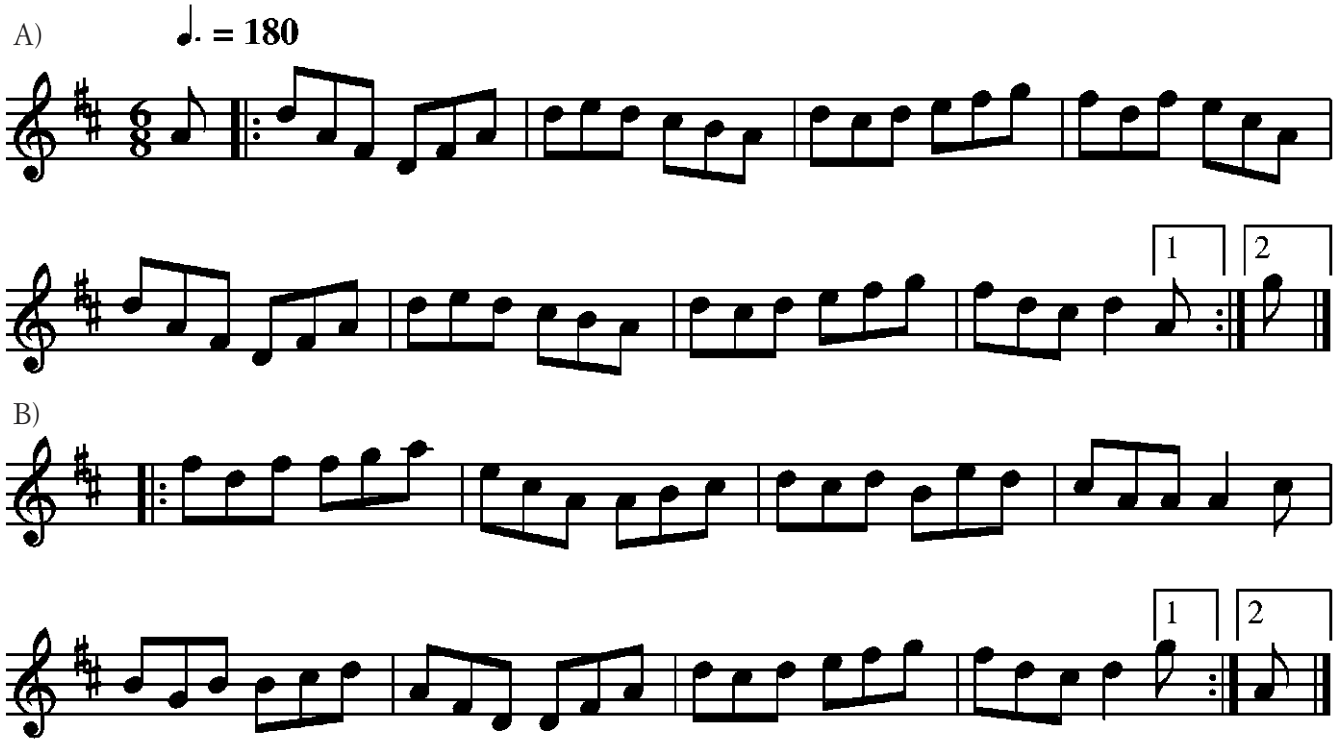
Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, (A flauto/flute)A BB.
Chitarra: RE LA RE SOL LA RE LA RE LA SOL / guitar: D A D G A D A D A G.
Segue/join to: *The top of Cork road.* ➨

Bodhrán: variare il ritmo con qualche "click" / alternate by using a few "clicks".

A |:⬇⇧⇩⇧⇩⇧:| / |⬇⇧⇩ c ⇩⇧|

The top of Cork road

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 6/6 (jig), 180 bpm, AA BB AA BBB.
Chitarra: RE SOL RE LA RE / guitar: D G D A D.

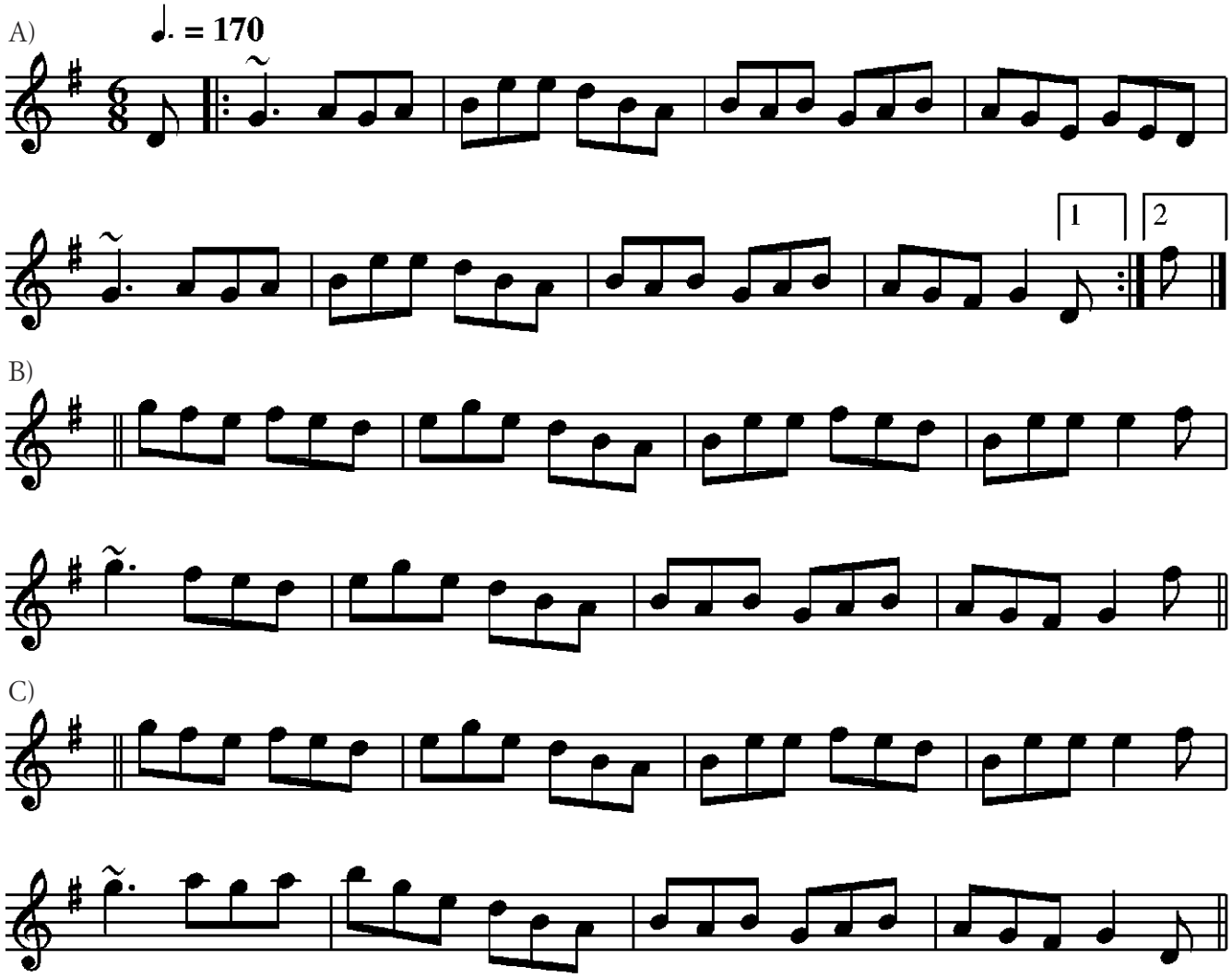
A¹ |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ :|

A² |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ :|

B |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ :|

Donnybrook fair

Trad. (Irish)



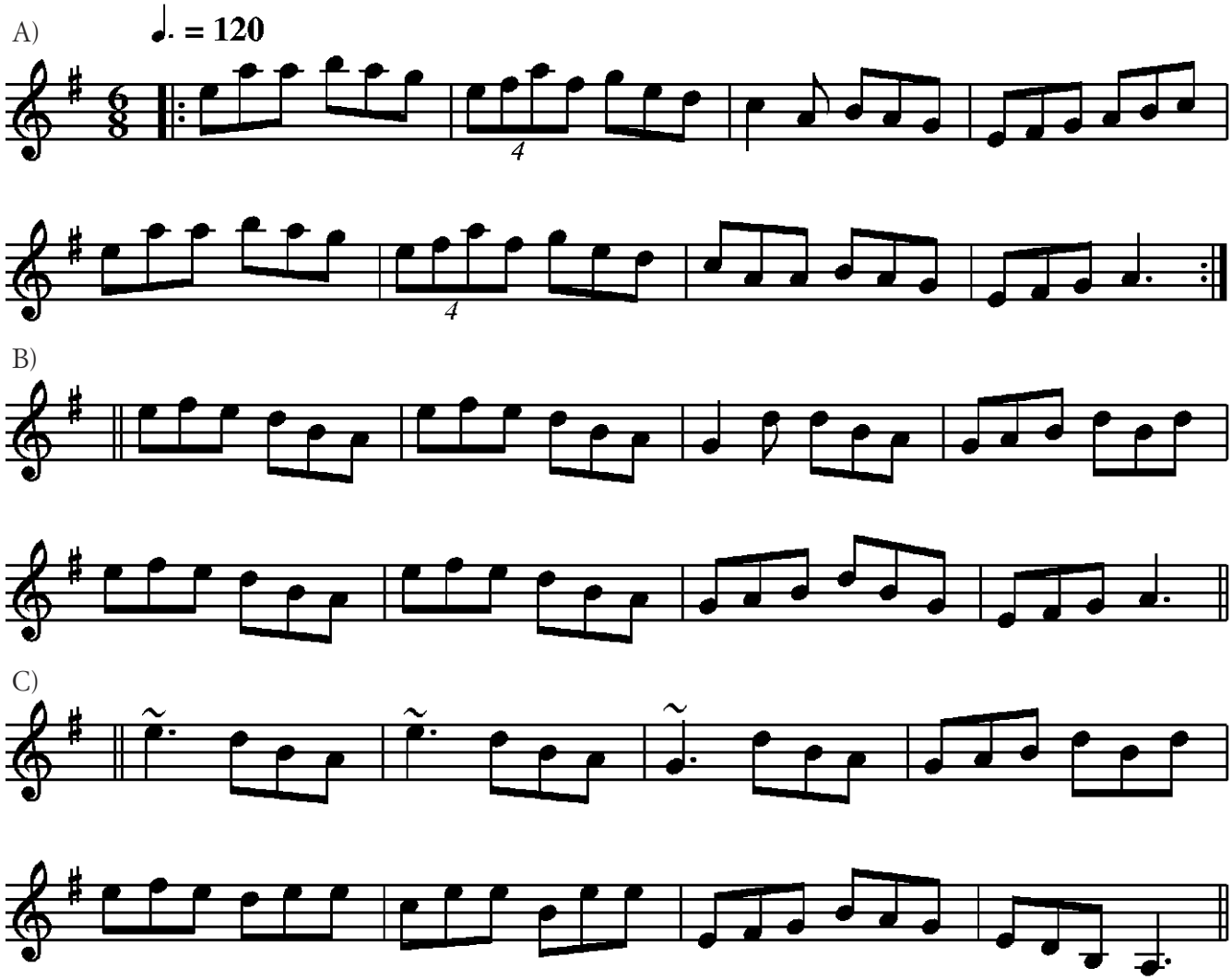
Notes: 6/6 (jig), 170 bpm, (A violino/fiddle)A BC AA BC.
Chitarra: MI- SI- LA- SI- MI- / guitar: Em Bm Am Bm Em.

Bodhrán: seconda volta con click su accento in levare, chiudere con accento marcato primo movimento / second time use click for up accent, close with strong accent on first beat.

ABC |:🡻⇧⇩🡹⇩⇧:| (|:🡻⇧⇩ c ⇩⇧:|)

The cliffs of Moher

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 6/8 (jig), 120 bpm, (A violino/fiddle) (A flauto/flute) BC AA BC, chiudere rallentando / close by slowing down.
Chitarra: LA- RE DO SOL MI- / guitar: Am D C G mE.

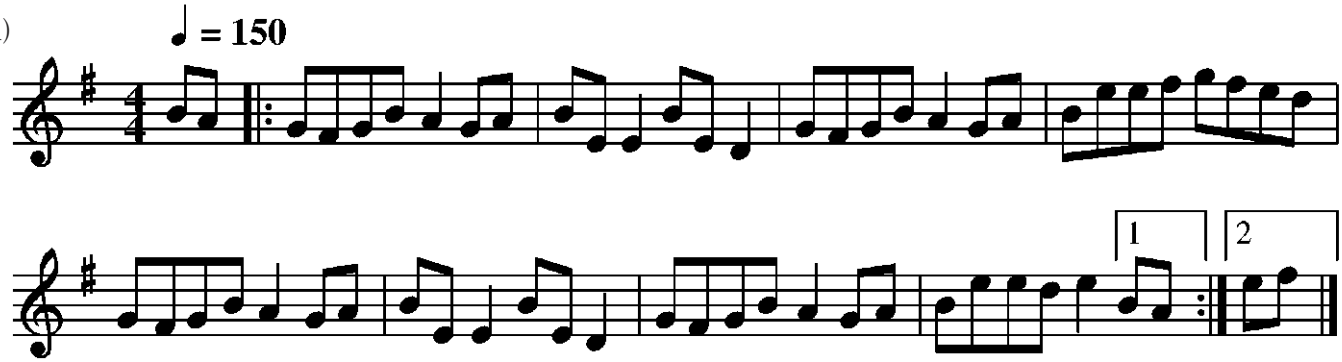
Bodhrán: skip su parte / skips on rhythm.

AB |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ :|

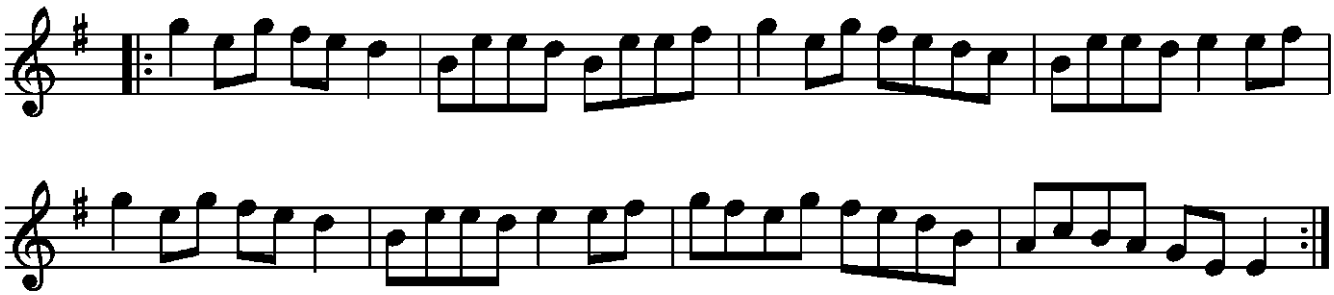
The hare's foot

Trad. (Irish)

A)



B)

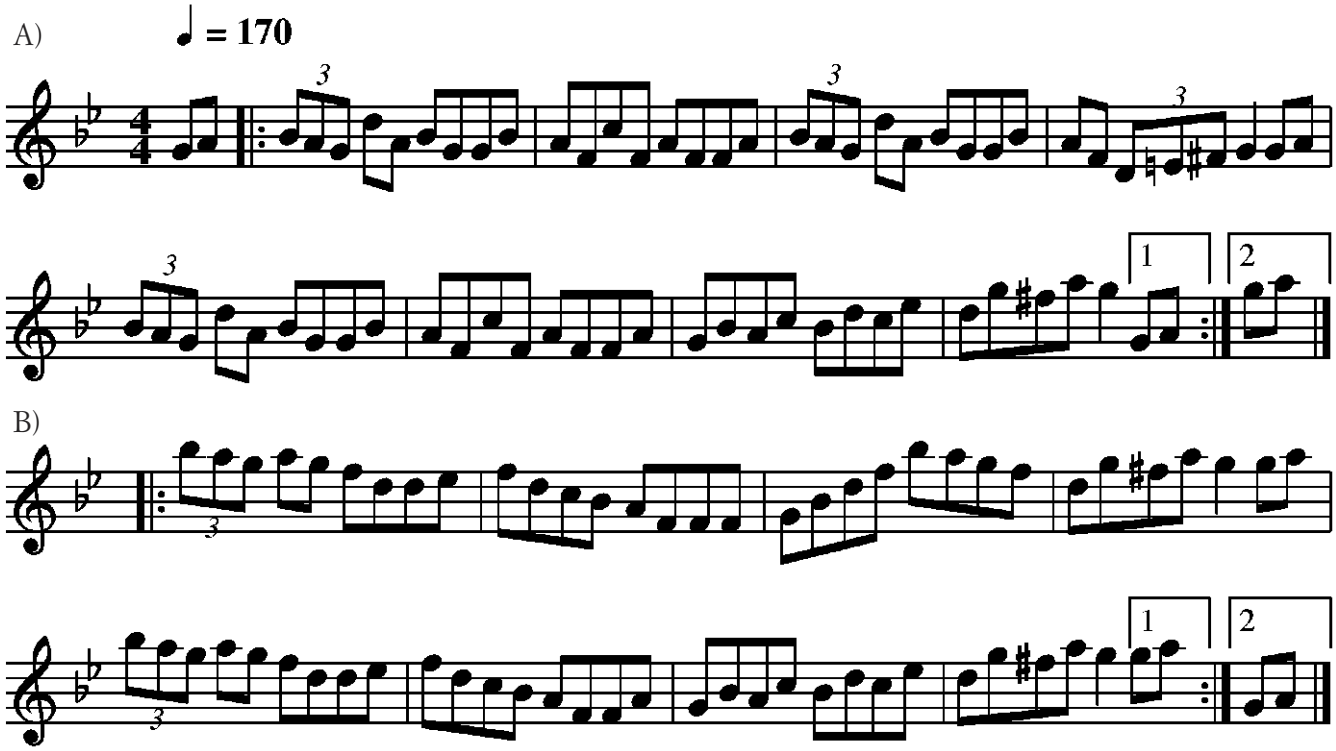


Notes: 4/4 (reel), 150-230+ bpm, AA BB >> AA >> BB A >> A >> B >> B (B) (>> : accelerando/speed up), chiudere rallentando B, ultima misura molto lenta; ripetere 3 volte – con stacco – ultima frase (B) velocissima rallentando in chiusura / close by slowing down, last measure very slow; repeat last phrase (B) very fast 3 times – with short pause – slowing down toward the end.
Chitarra: MI- SI- / guitar: Em Bm.

AB |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

Johnny's wedding

Trad. (Irish)

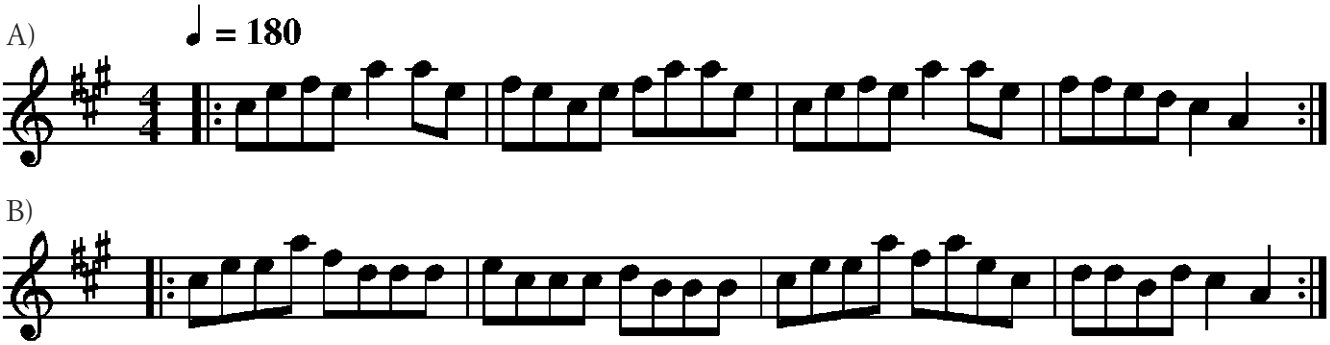


Notes: 4/4 (reel), 170 bpm, AA BB AA BB.
Chitarra: SOL- RE- SOL- RE^7 SOL- / guitar: Gm Dm Gm D^7 Gm.
Concludere prolungando ultimo Sol alto (ottava alta) / close by extending last G (higher pitch).

AB |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The high road to Linton

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, AA BB AA BB AA BB A (esce chitarra/guitar quits) A B (esce flauto, flute quits) B.
Ritmo come “gnegne, gne, gnegnee-gne” / rhythm like children sing-song.
Chitarra: LA MI / guitar: A E.

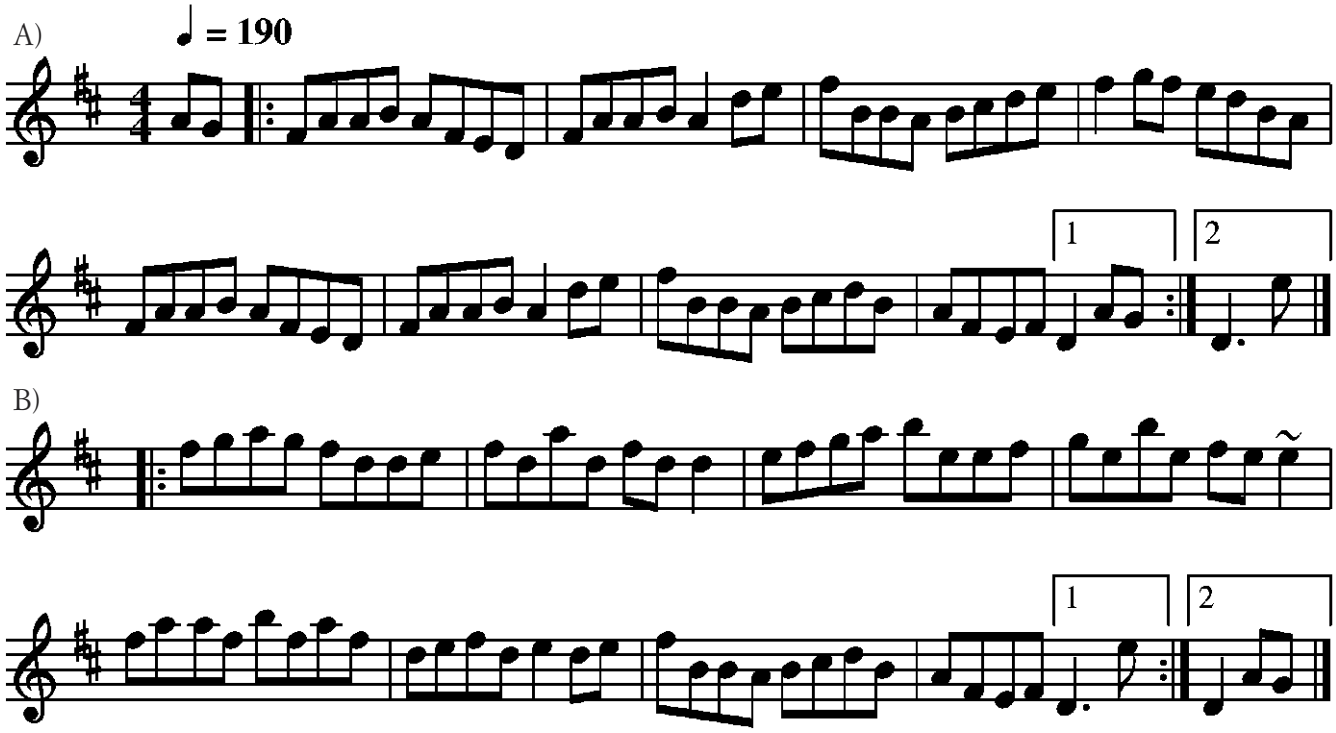
Bodhrán: chiudere con click forte / close with strong click.

A |: ⬇ ⇧ ▭ ⇧ :|

B |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The maid behind the bar

Trad. (Irish)



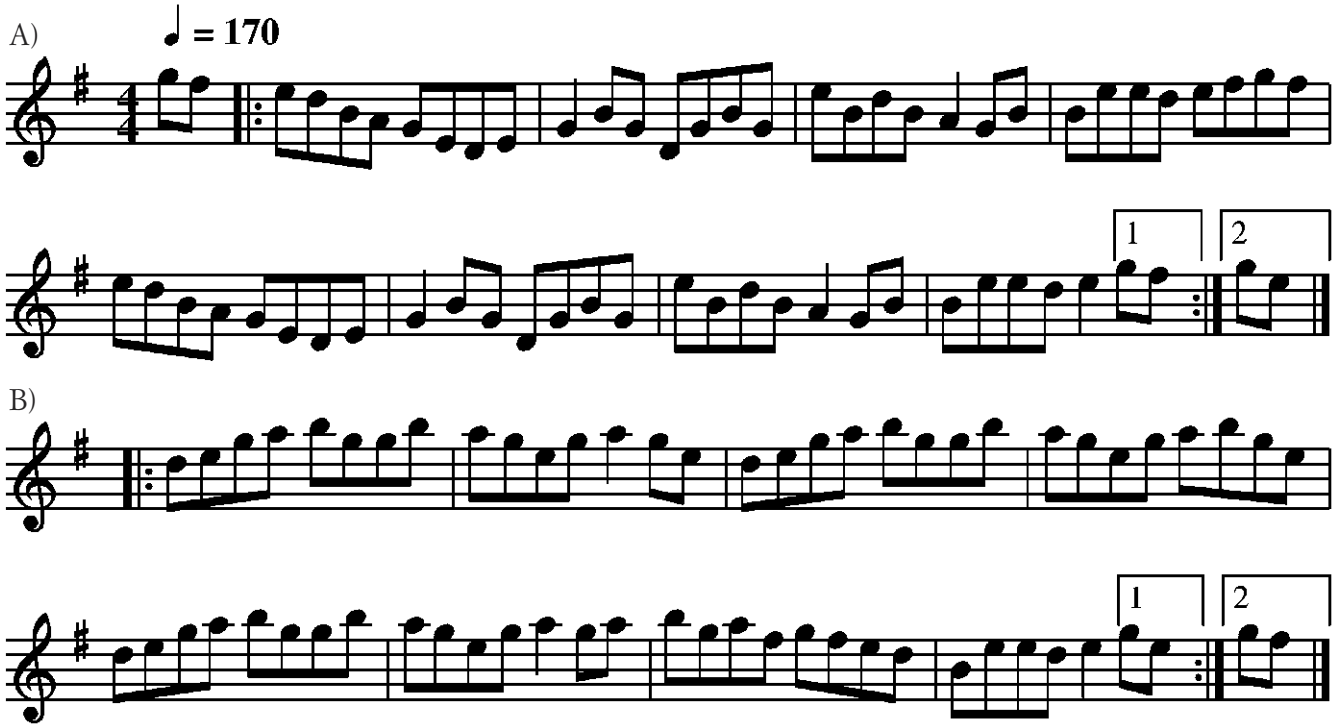
Notes: 4/4 (reel), 190 bpm, (A flauto/flute)A BB AA BB AA BB
Chitarra: RE SOL RE LA RE LA RE / guitar: D G D A D A D.

A |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ |
| ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

B |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

Maud Miller

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (reel), 170 bpm, (A flauto e violino / flute and fiddle)A BB AA BB
Chitarra: SOL RE SOL DO / guitar: G D G C.

A |: ↓ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ :|

B |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | **x 3**

| ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The wild rover

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩ = 170

G G C

G D G

C

G D G

B)

D D7

G C

G C

G D G 1 2

Notes: 3/4 (song/waltz), 170 bpm, (intro violino/fiddle) AB AB AB ABB.

Bodhrán: 3/4 battuto in quartine / 4-plets beating

AB |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

4

I've been a wild rover for many the year
and I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
but now I'm returning with gold in great store,
and I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus: And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
will I play the wild rover, no nay never no more

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
and I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
such a custom like yours I could have any day".

Chorus.

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
and the landlady's eyes opend wide with delight.
She said "I have wiskey and wines of the best
and the words that I spoke sure were only in jest".

Chorus.

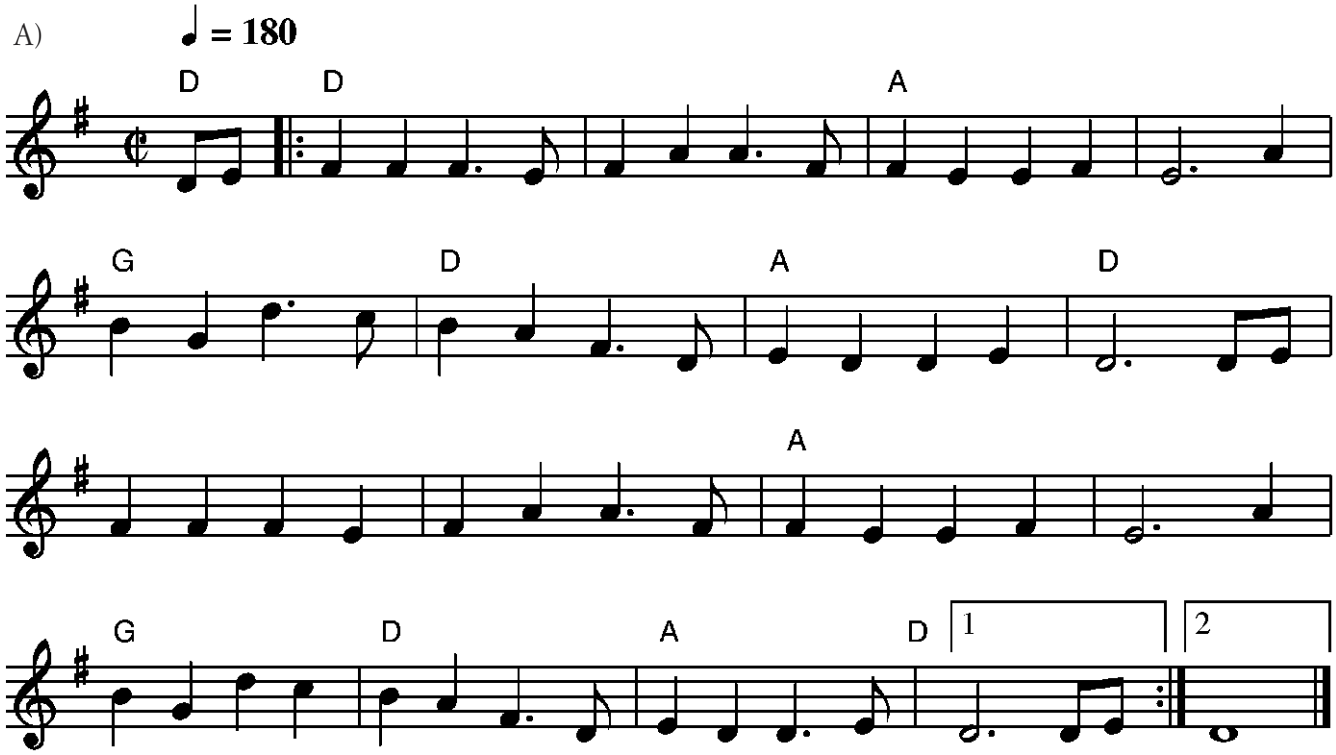
I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
and I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oft times before
sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus.

The wearing of the green

Trad. (Irish)

A)



Notes: ¢ (song), 180 bpm, A A A A.

A |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ |
⬇⇧⇩⇧	⬇⇧⇩⇧	⬇⇧⇩⇧	⬇⇧⇩⇧
⬇⇧⇩⇧	⇩⇧⬇⇧	⇩⇧⬇⇧	⬇⇧⇩⇧
⬇⇧⇩⇧	⇩⇧⬇⇧	⇩⇧⬇⇧	⬇⇧⇩⇧ :

Oh Paddy dear did and you hear the news that's going round,
the Shamrock is forbidden by law to grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep: his colours cant's be seen
for there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

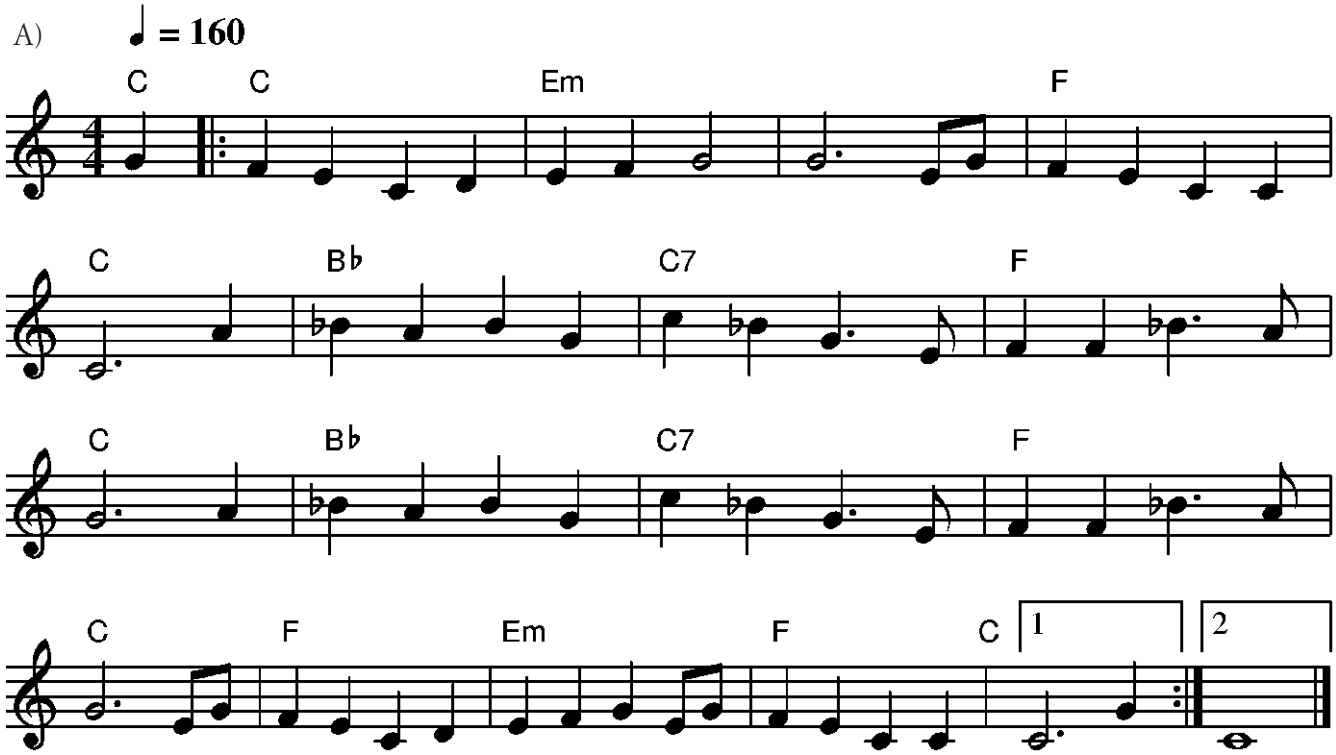
I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by hand
and he said, "How's poor old Ireland and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that every yet was seen
for they're hangin' men an' women for the wearing of the green.

And if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red
let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed.
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod
and never fear, 't will take root there, tho' under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow
and when the leaves in summer-time, their colour dare not show
then I will change the colour, too, I wear my caubeen.
but 'till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

Banna Strand

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (song), 160 bpm, A A A A A.

’Twas on Good friday morning all in the month of may.
A German ship was signalling beyond out in the bay
with twenty thousand rifles all ready for to land.
But no answering signal did come from the lonely Banna Stand.

“No signal answer from the shore” Sir Roger said.
“No comrades here to meet me, alas they must be dead
but I must do my duty and at once I mean to land”.
So in a small boat rowed ashore to the lonely Banna Strand.

Now the R.I.C. were hunting for Sir Rogers high and low,
they found him in McKenna’s Fort, said they “you are out foe”.
Said he “I’m Roger Caement, I’ve come to my native land
and I mean to free my countrymen on the lonely Banna Strand”.

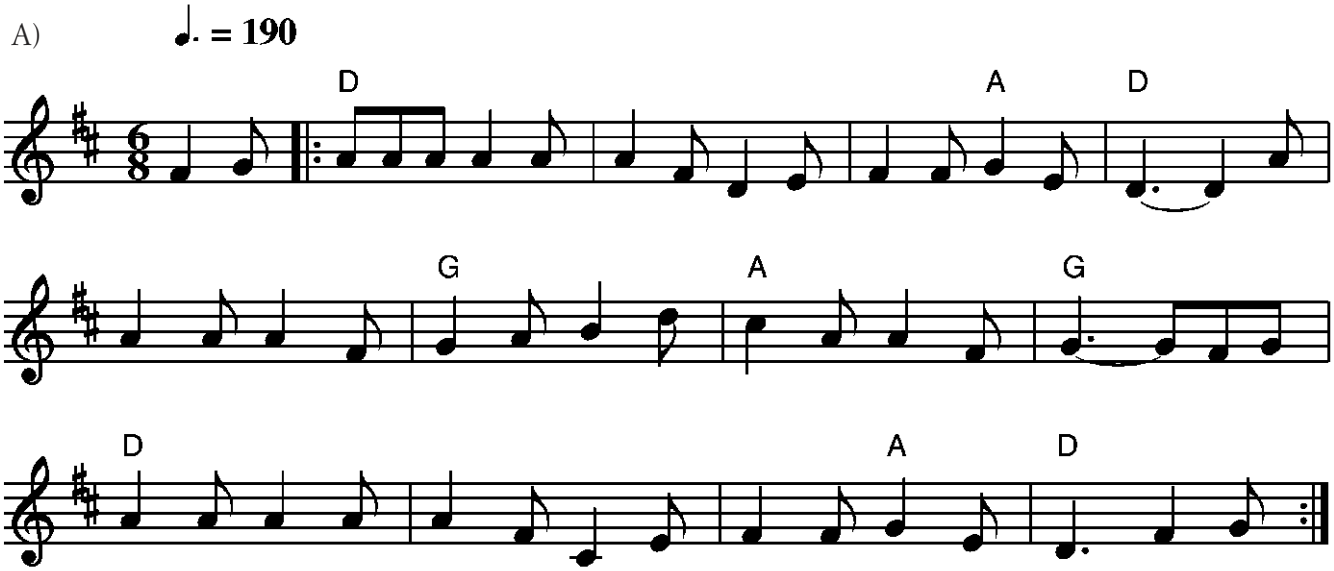
They took Sir Roger prisoner and sailed for London town,
and in the Tower they laid him, a traitor to the crown.
Said he “I am no traitor”, but his trial he had to stand
for bringing German rifles to the lonely Banna Strand.

’Twas in an English prison that they led him to his death,
“I’m dying for my country” he said with his last breath.
They buried him in British soil, far from his native land
and the wild waves sand his requiem on the lonely Banna Strand.

The old woman from Wexford

Trad. (Irish)

A)



Notes: 6/8 (jig), 190 bpm, cantata: (A intro strumentale) A A A A A A A A A, strumentale: A A A A.

A |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ :|

Oh there was an old woman from Wexford and from Wexford she did dwell.
Se loved her old man dearly but another one as well.
REF: With your rum dom dom dom deiro and the blind man he could see.

One day she went to the doctor some medicine to find,
she said "will you give me something for to make me old man blind".
REF.

"Feed him eggs and marrowbones and make him suck them all
and it won't be very long after till he won't see you at all".
REF.

The doctor wrote a letter and he signed it with his hand,
he sent it round to the old man just to let him understand.
REF.

She fed him eggs and marrowbones and made him suck them all,
and it wasn't very long after till he couldn't see the wall.
REF.

Says he: "I'd like to drown myself, but that might be a sin".
Says she: "I'll go along with you and help to push you in".
REF.

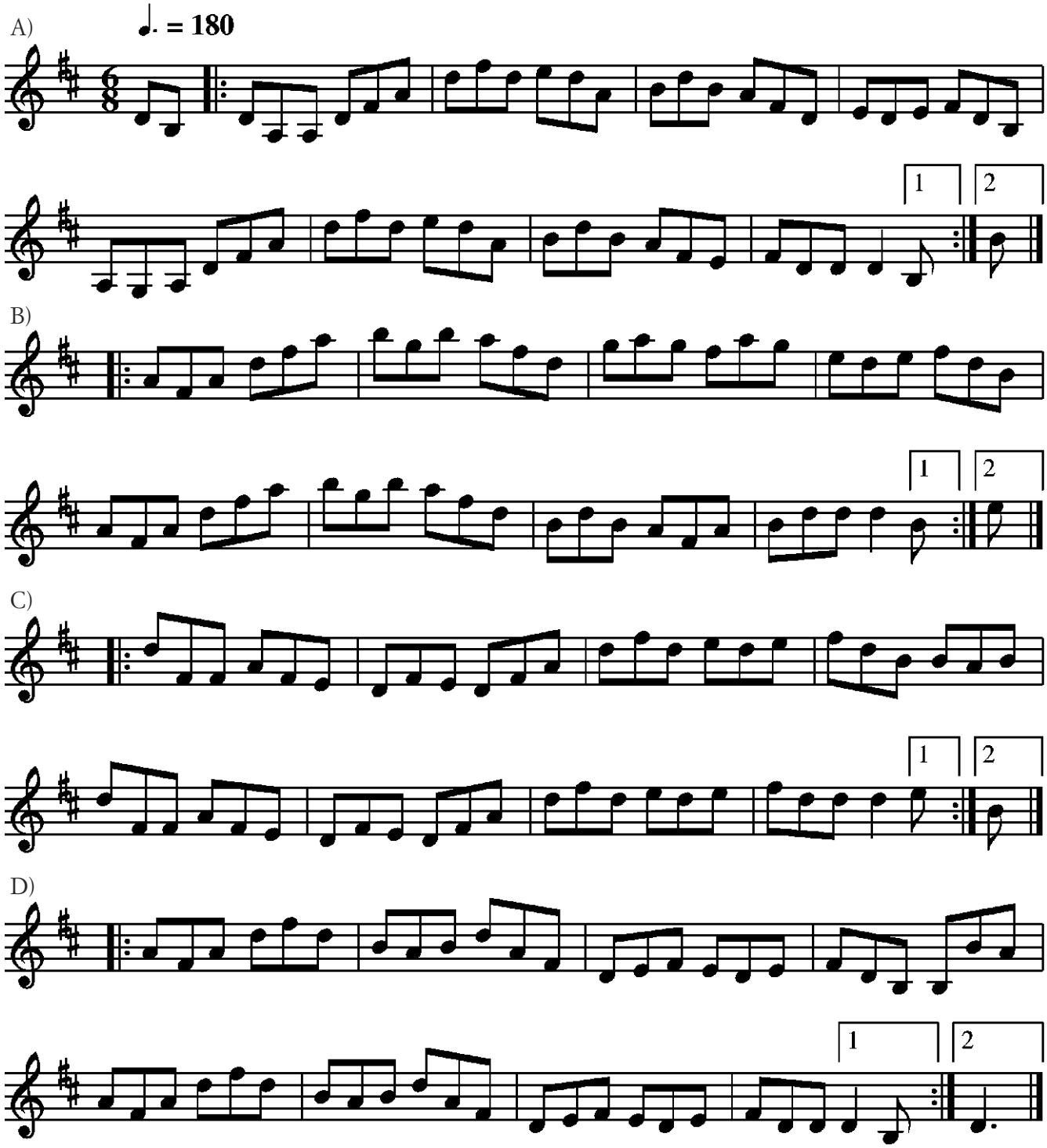
The woman she stepped back a bit to rush and push him in,
and the old man quickly stepped aside and she went tumblin; in.
REF.

Oh how loudly she did yell and how lodly she did call,
"Yerra hold your whist old woman, sure I can't see you at all".
REF.

Now eggs and eggs and marrowbones may make your old man blind
but if you want to drown him you must creep up close behind.
REF.

Fáinne Óir Ort

Trad. (Irish)



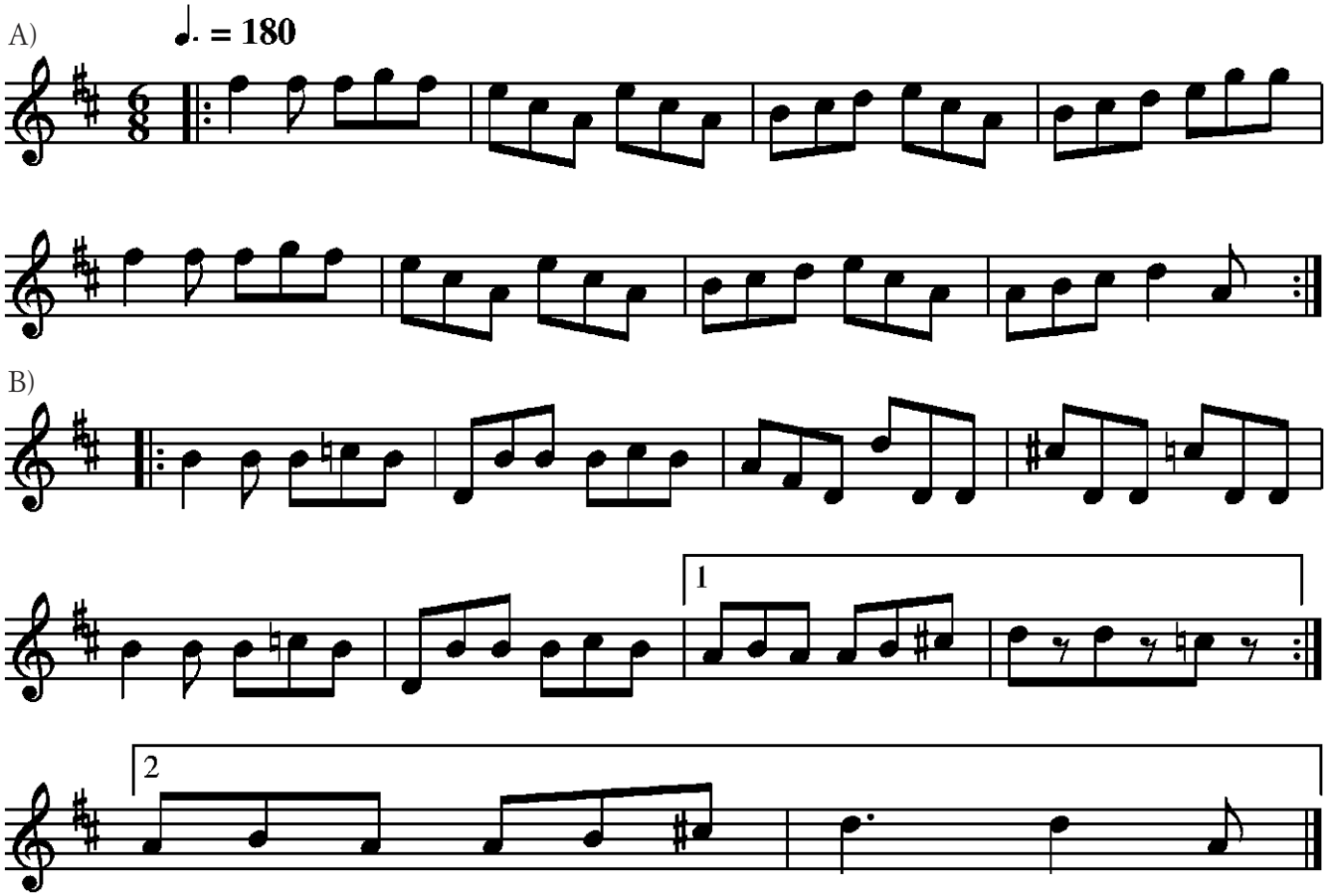
Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, AA BB CC DD AA BB CC DD.

Bodhrán: accento più marcato su 1, qualche click in levare / stronger accent on 1st beat, some clicks on up accents.

ABCD |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ :| (| ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ c ⇩ ⇧ |)

Fair Jennies's jig

Trad. (Irish)

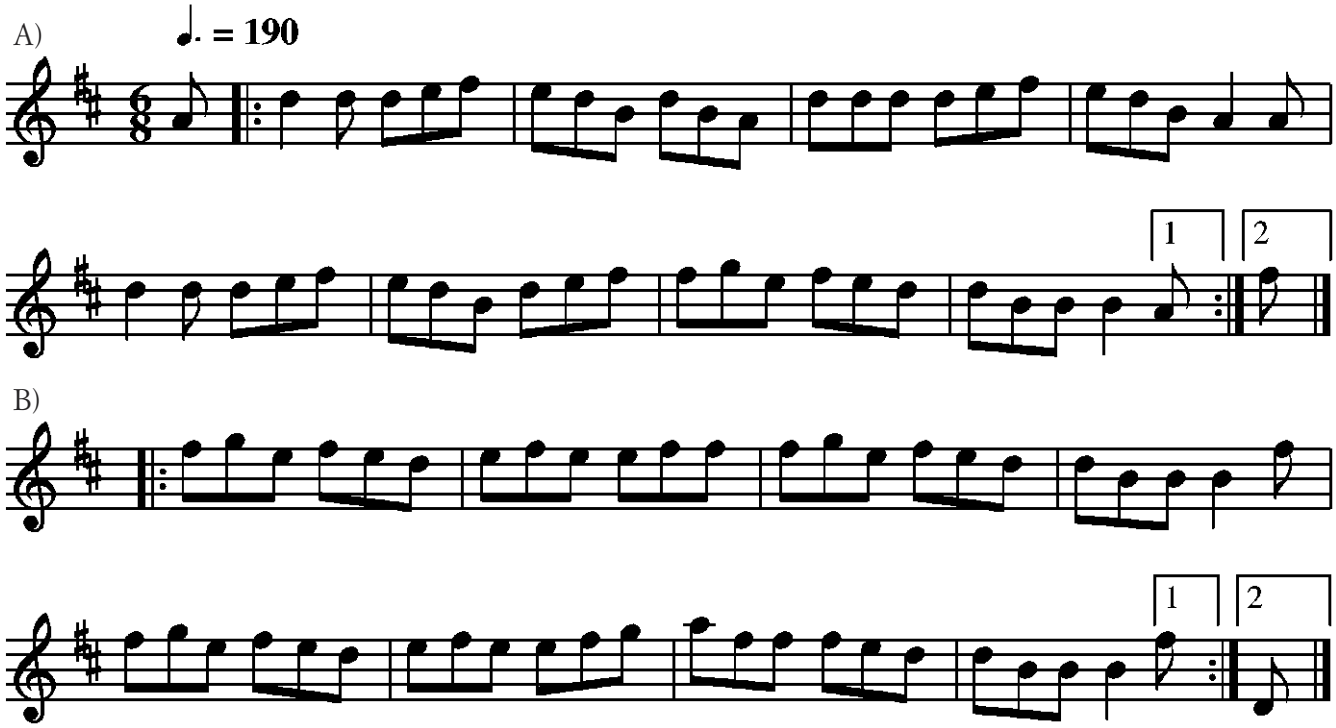


Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, AA BB. Segue/join to: *Tom Ward's jig.* ➸

AB |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ▭ ⇧ :| (variazioni su parte / use on-going variations)

Tom Ward's jig

Trad. (Irish)

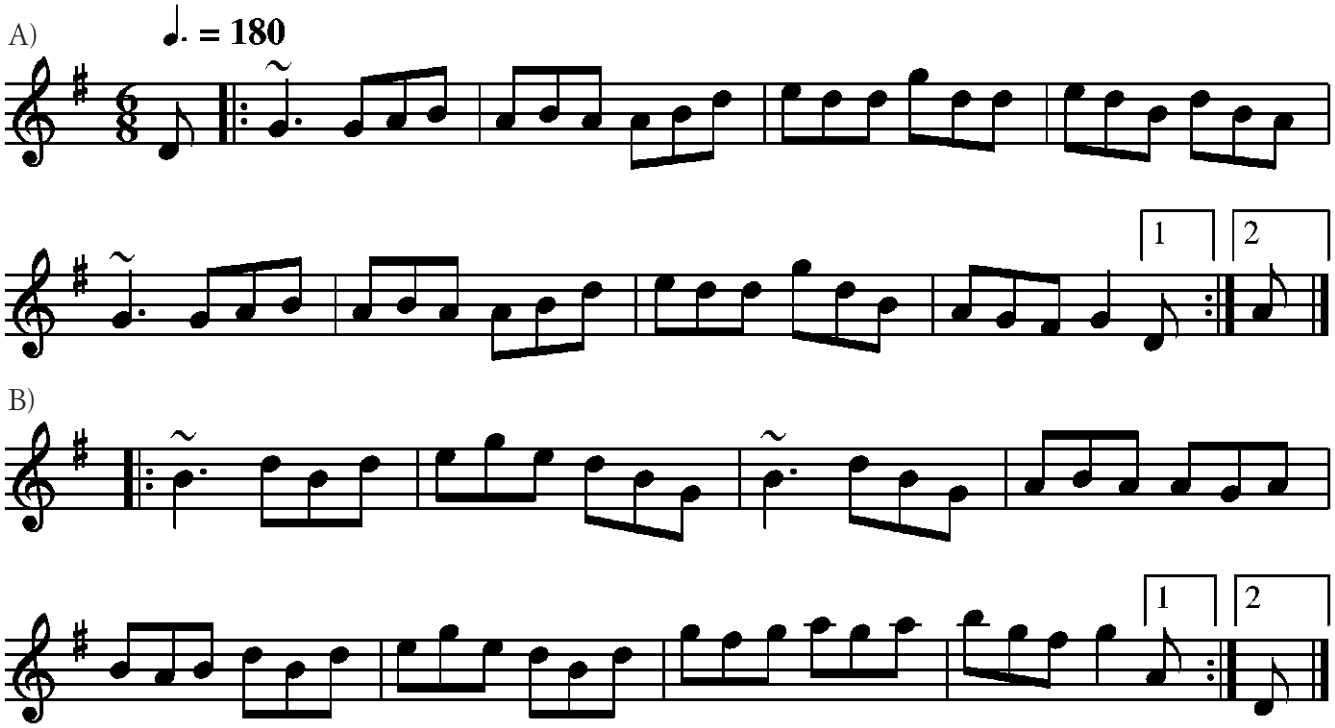


Notes: 6/8 (jig), 190 bpm, AA BB. Segue/join to: *The Kesh jig.* ➡

AB |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ▭ ⇧ :| (variazioni su parte / use on-going variations)

The Kesh jig

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 6/8 (jig), 190 bpm, AA BB.

AB |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ▭ ⇧ :| (variazioni su parte / use on-going variations)

The independence hornpipe

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩ = 150

B)

Notes: 4/4 (hornpipe), 150 bpm, AA BB AA BB.

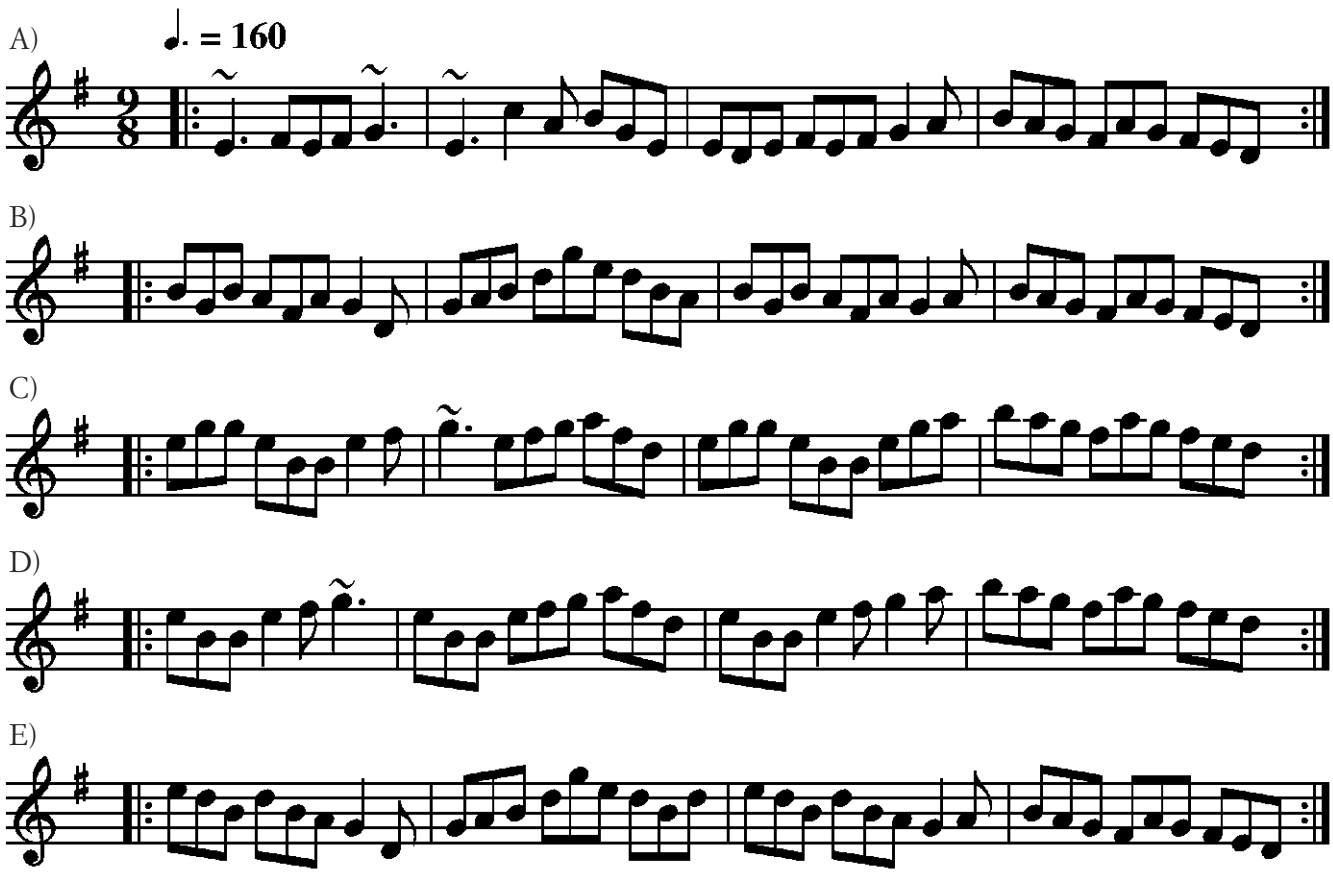
Bodhrán: hornpipe alternato con terzine / hornpipe alternated with triplets.

AB |: ↓ ⇧ ↓ ⇧ :| / |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

3 3

The kid on the mountain

Trad. (Irish)

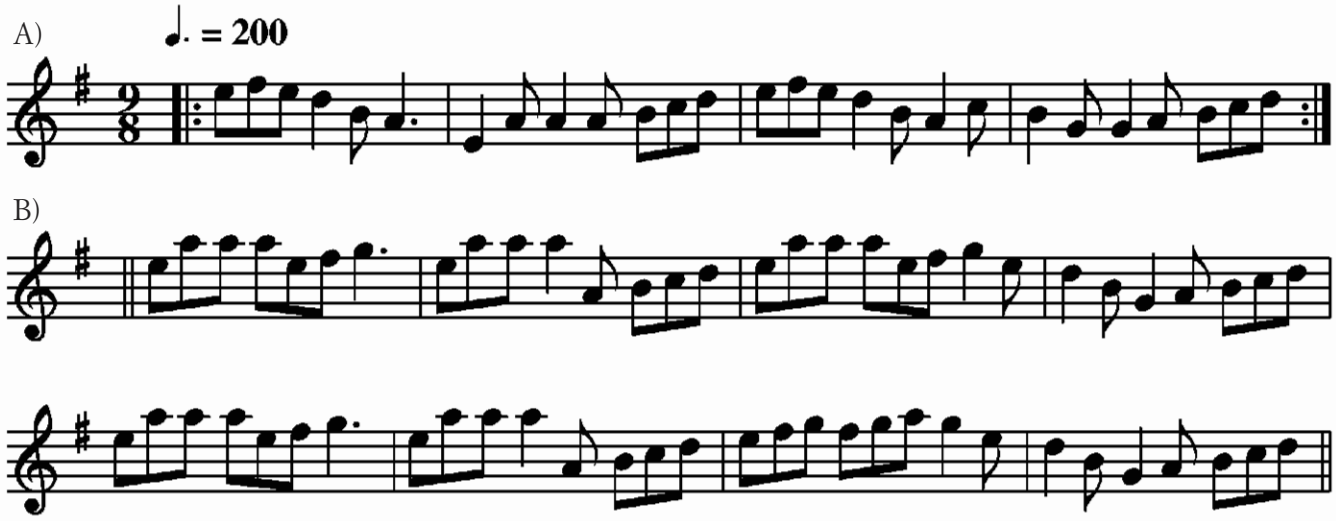


Notes: 9/8 (slip jig), 160 bpm, (attacco bodhrán con 6/8 / bodhrán start-up with 6/8 beat) AA BB CC DD EE.

Start | ⬇⇧⇩⬆⇩⇧ | **ABCDE** |: ⬇⇧⇩⬆⇩⇧⬇⇩⇧ :|

The rocky road to Dublin

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 9/8 (slip jig), 200 bpm, AA B x5 (ripetere 3 volte se strumentale / repeat three times if instrumental).

Start | ⬇⇧⇩⬆⇩⇧ |

AB |: ⬇▭⇩⬆⇩⇧⬇⇧⇩ | ⬆▭⇧⬇⇧⇩⬆⇩⇧ :|

In the merry month of May from my home I started
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken-hearted
Saluted Father dear, kissed my darlin' Mother
Drank a pint of beer my grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born
I cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblin,
In a bran'new pair of brogues I rattled o'er the bogs
And frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin,

Chorus: One, two, three, four five, hunt the hare and turn her
Down the rocky roaad, and all the ways to Dublin
Whack fol-lol-de-ra.

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight next morning light and airy,
Took a drop of the pure, to keep my heart from sinking,
That's an frishman's cure, whene'er he's on for drinking,
To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while,
At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubbling,
They ax'd if I was hired, the wages I required,
Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city,
Then I took a stroll out among the quality,
My bundle it was stole in a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, then I looked behind,
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin',
Enquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus.

From there I got away my spirits never failing,
Landed on the quay as the ship was sailing,
Captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, I played some funny rigs
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin'
When off to Holyhead I wished myself was dead,
Or better far, instead, on the rocky road to Dublin.

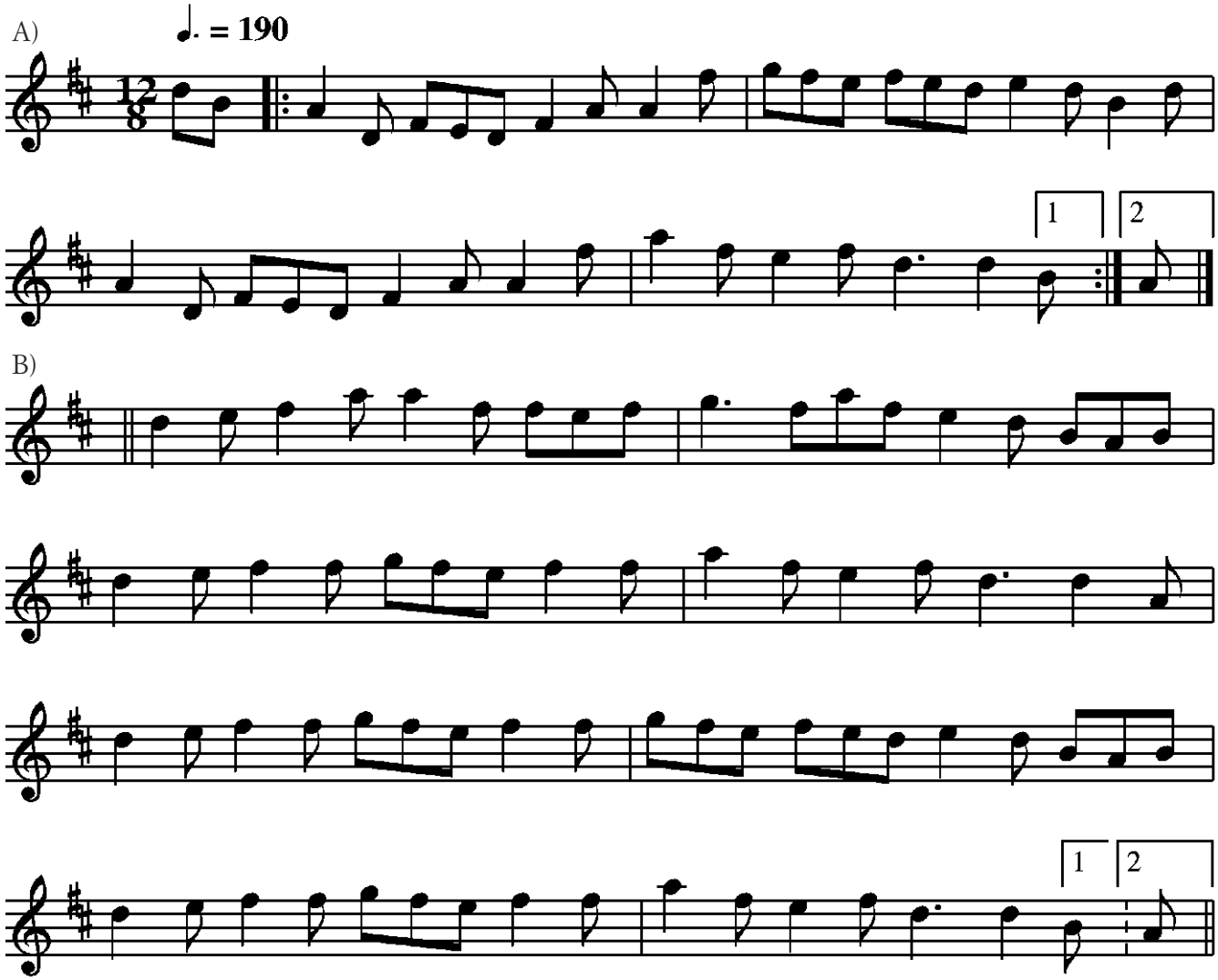
Chorus.

The bovs of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
Blood began to boil, temper I was losin'
Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin'
"Hurrah my soul!" sez I, my shillelagh I let fly,
Some Galway boys were by, saw I was a hobble in,
Then with a loud Hurrah, they joined in the affray,
We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus.

Denis Murphy's slide

Trad. (Irish)

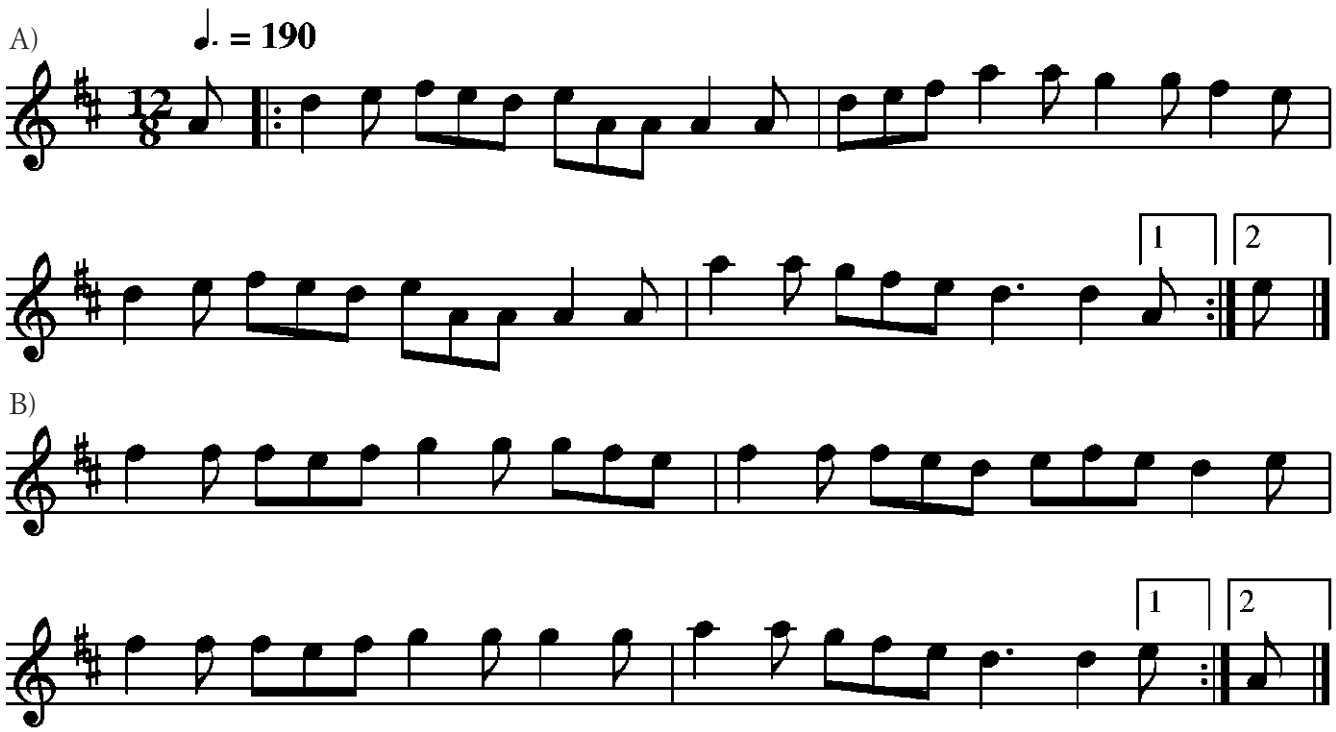


Notes: 12/8 (slide), 190 bpm, AA B AA B. Segue/join to: *Kieley's slide*. ➡

Start | ⬇⇧⇩⇧⇩⇧ | **AB** |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧⇩⇧⬇⇧⇩⇧⇩⇧ :|

Kieley's slide

Trad. (Irish)

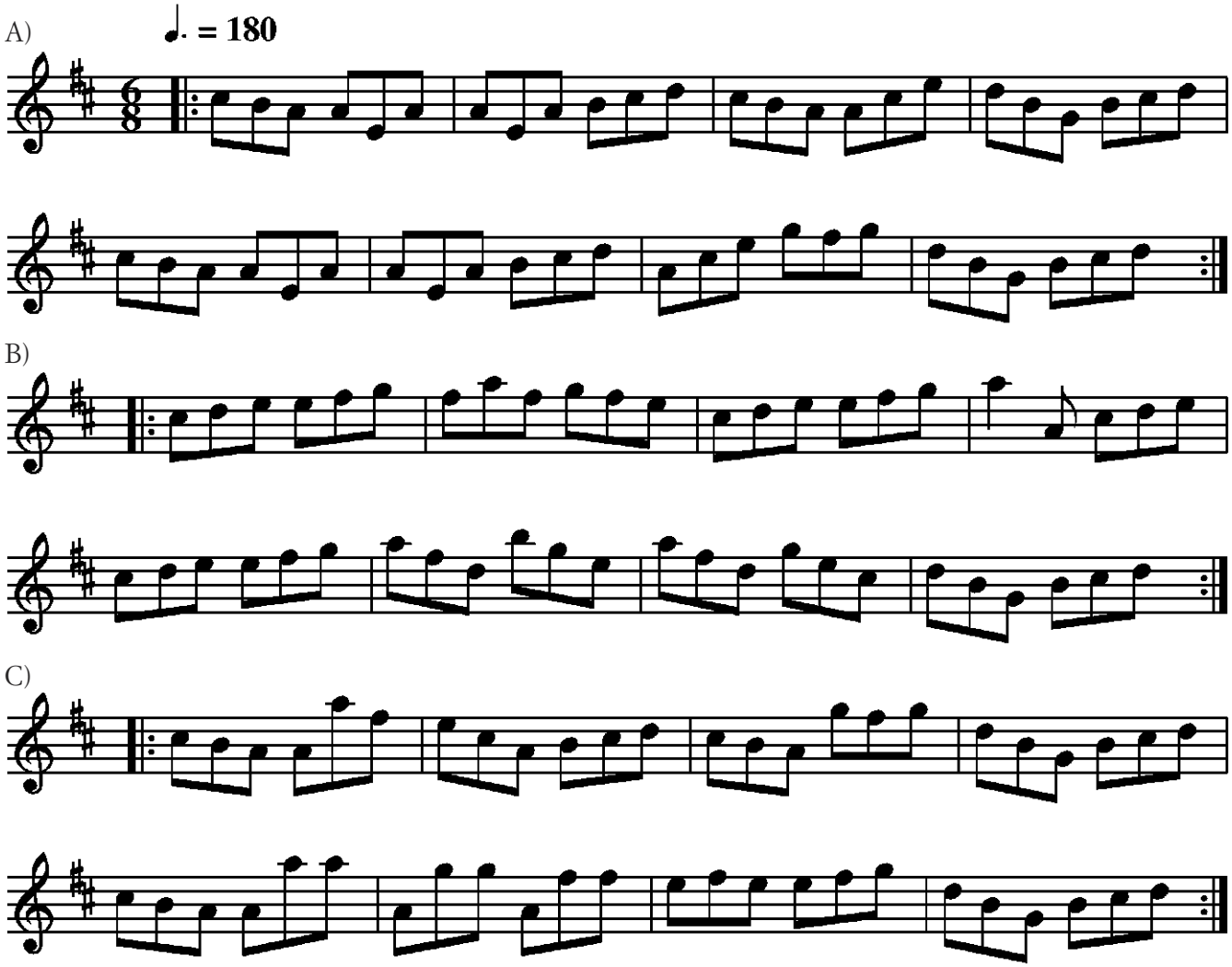


Notes: 12/8 (slide), 190 bpm, AA BB AA BB.

AB |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The mooncoin jig

Trad. (Irish)

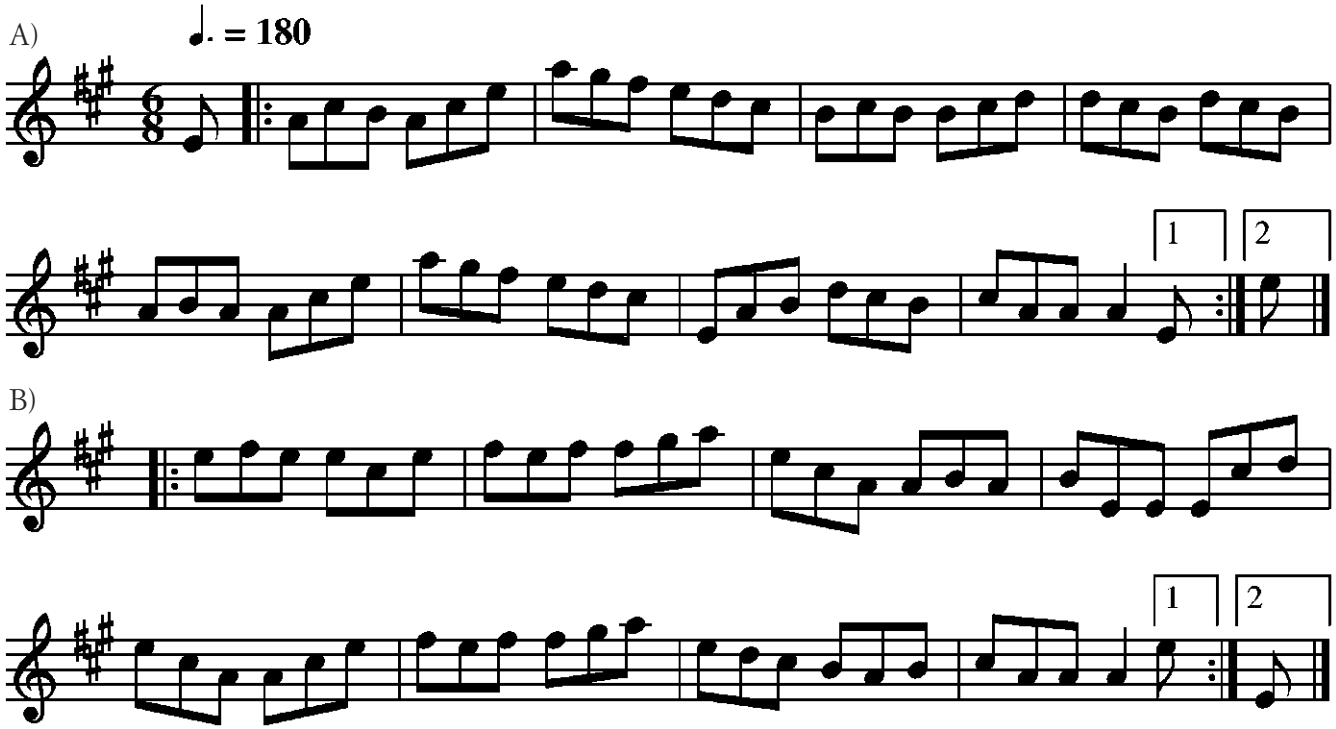


Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, AA BB CC, Segue/join to: *Over the hills to Runbush*. ➡

ABC |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⬆⇩⇧ :|

Over the hills to Runbush

Trad. (Irish)

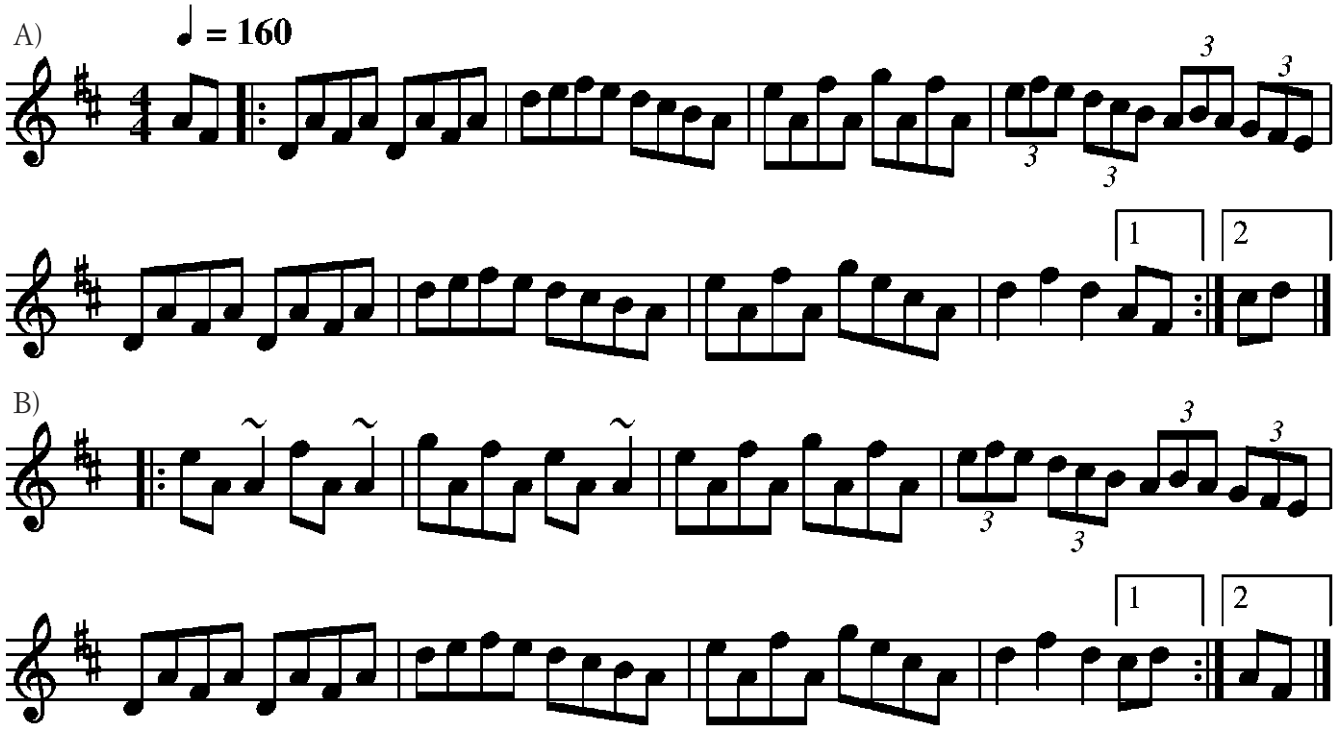


Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, AA BB AA BB.

AB |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The harvest home

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (hornpipe), 160 bpm, AA BB AA BB. Segue/join to: *The boys of Bluehill*.

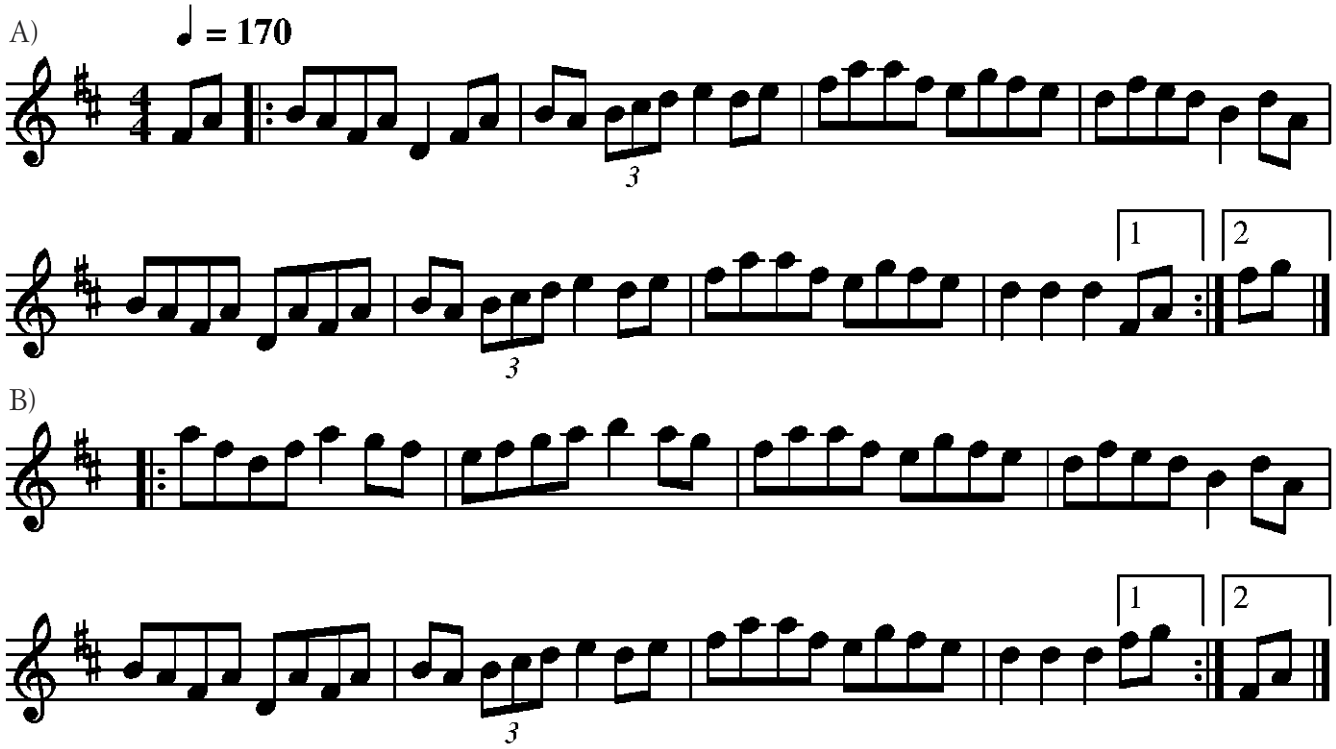
Bodhrán: battere hornpipe, alternato con terzine / bodhran: hornpipe rhythm, alternated with triplets.

AB |: ↓ ⇧↓ ⇧ :| / |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

3 3

The boys of Bluehill

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (hornpipe), 170 bpm, AA BB.

Bodhrán: battere hornpipe, alternato con terzine / bodhran: hornpipe rhythm, alternated with triplets.

AB |: ↓ ⇧↓ ⇧ :| / |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

3 3

Let down the blade and raise the small wheel

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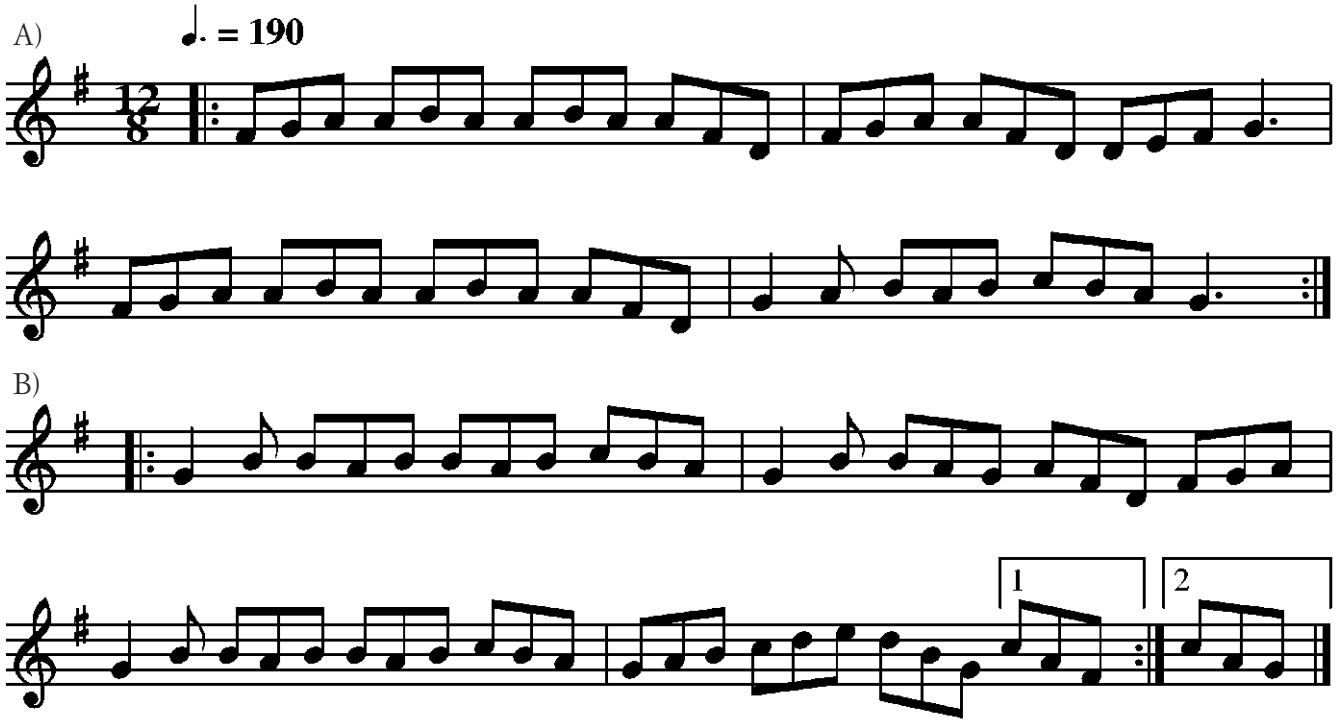


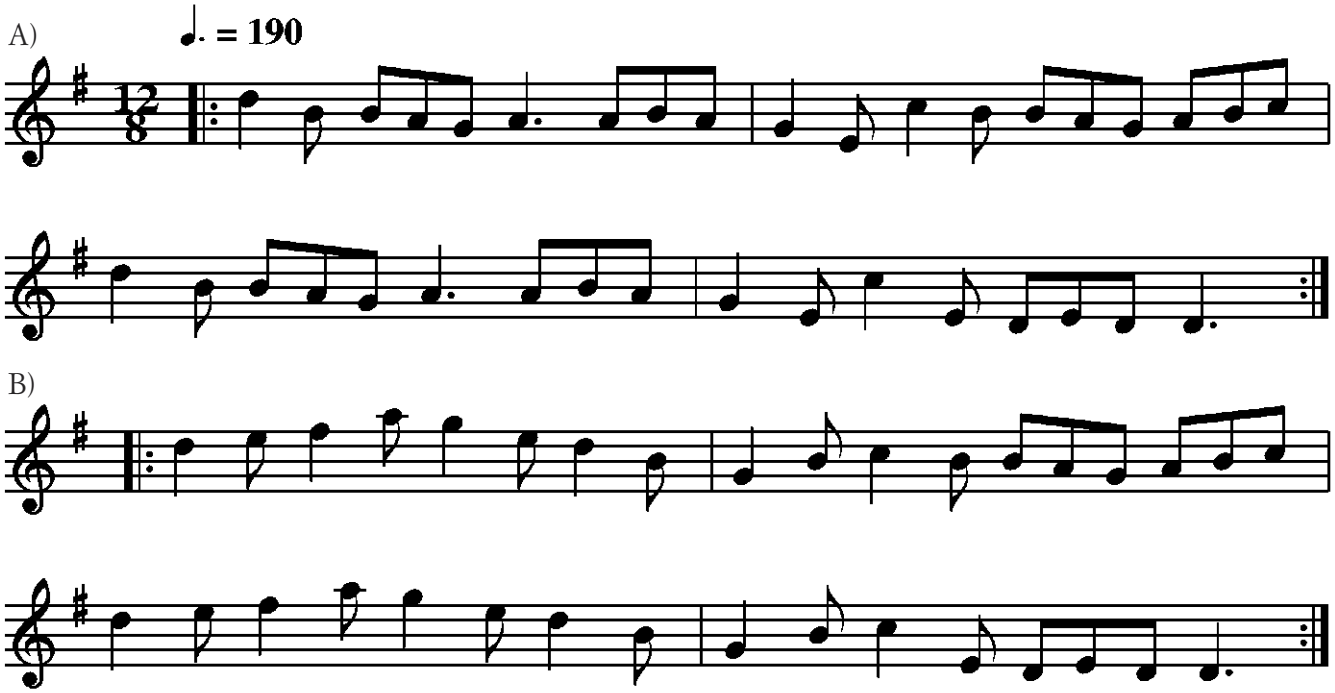
Notes: 12/8 (slide), 190 bpm, AA BB AA BB. Segue/join to: *The star above the garter.* ➨

Bodhrán: no.

(AB |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|)

The star above the garter

Trad. (Irish)



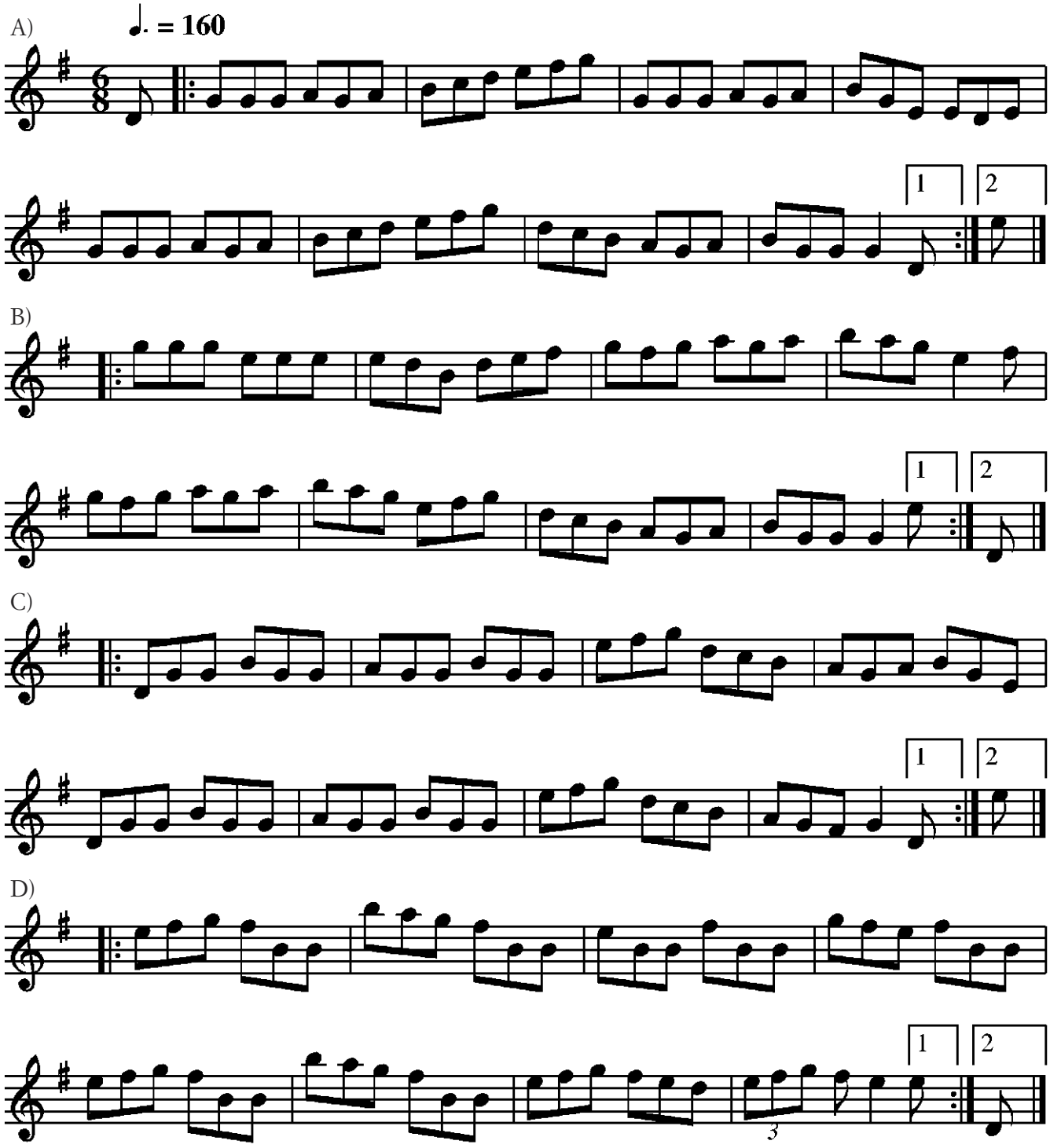
Notes: 12/8 (slide), 190 bpm, AA BB AA BB, se da sola / if played alone: AA BB AA BB AA BB.

Bodhrán: attacca con rullo continuo in terzine / bodhran starts with continuous triplets roll.

Start | ↓↑↓↑↓↑↓↑↓↑↓↑ | **AB** |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ ▭ ⇧ ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The king's jig

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 6/8 (jig), 160 bpm, AA BB CC DD AA BB CC DD.

ABCD |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ⇩ ⇧ :| alternate some triplets: | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⬆ ↓ ↓ ↑ |

Scatter the mud

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩. = 160

B)

Notes: 6/8 (jig), 160 bpm, AA BB AA BB AA BB.

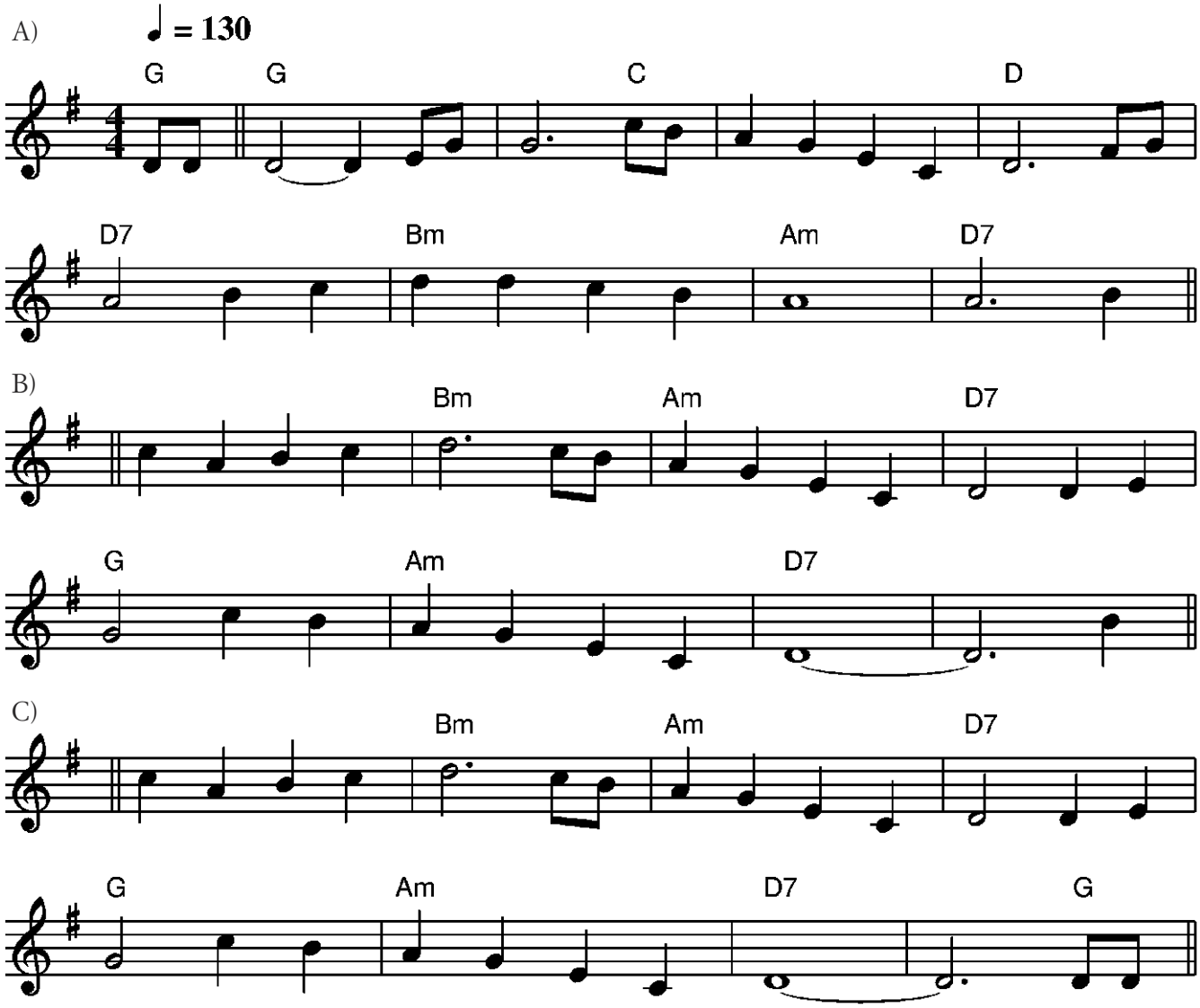
A |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ▭ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

B |: ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ |

| ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ↓ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

The Curragh of Kildare

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (song), 130 bpm, AC ABC ABC.

Bodhrán: no.

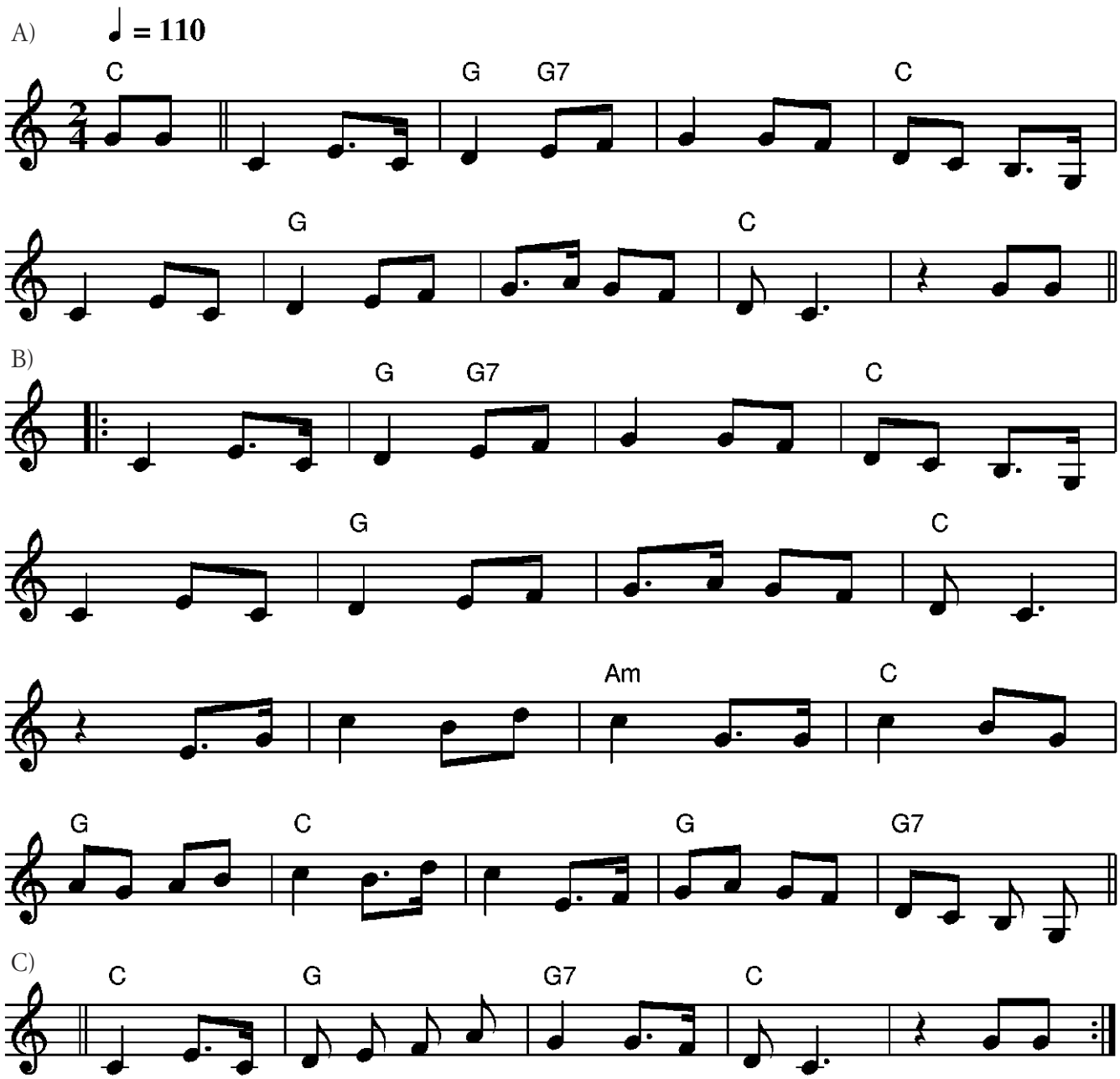
Oh the winter it is passed, and the summer's come at last,
and the small birds are singing in the trees.
Their little hearts are glad but mine is very sad
for my true love is far away from me.

All you that are in love, and can not it remove
I pity all the pain that you endure.
For experience let me know thatyour hear if full of woe,
it's a woe that no mortal can endure
And straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare
for it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

A livery I'll wear and I'll comb back all my hair
and in velvet so green I will appear.
And straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare
for it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.
And straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare
for it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

Come to the bower

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 2/4 (march/song), 110 bpm, cantata/singing: (A violino/fiddle) BC BC BC BC BC, strumentale/instrumental: (B solo violino prime 8 misure/fiddle only for first 8 measures)C BC BC.

Bodhrán: 4/4, tempo tagliato, con skip su parte / ¢, with skips on rhythm.

BC ⇧ |: ⬇ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ :|

Will you come to the bower o'er the free boundless ocean
Where the stupendous waves roll in thundering motion,
Where the mermaids are seen and the fierce tempest gathers,
To loved Erin the green, the dear land of our fathers.
Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower?

Chorus: Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower?

Will you come to the land of O'Neill and O'Donnell
Of Lord Lucan of old and immortal O'Connell.
Where Brian drove the Danes and Saint Patrick the vermin
And whose valleys remain still most beautiful and charming?

Chorus.

You can visit Benburb and the storied Blackwater,
Where Owen Roe met Munroe and his Chieftains did slaughter
Where the lambs skip and play on the mossy all over,
From those bright golden views to enchanting Rostrevor.

Chorus.

You can see Dublin city, and the fine groves of Blarney
The Bann, Boyne, and Liffey and the Lakes of Killarney,
You may ride on the tide on the broad majestic Shannon
You may sail round Loch Neagh and see storied Dungannon.

Chorus.

You can visit New Ross, gallant Wexford, and Gorey,
Where the green was last seen by proud Saxon and Tory,
Where the soil is sanctified by the blood of each true man
Where they died satisfied that their enemies they would not run from.

Chorus.

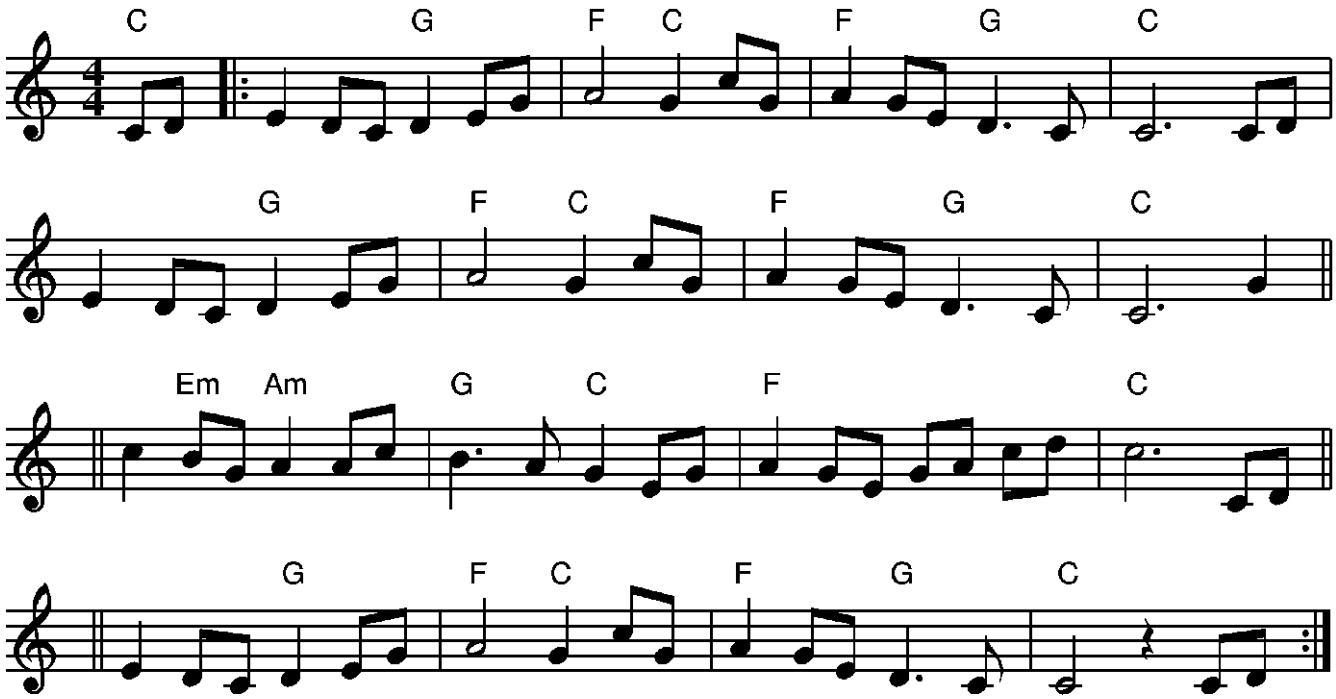
Will you come and awake our lost land from its slumbers.
And her fetters we'll break, links that long are encumbered.
And the air will resound with hosannahs to greet you,
On the shore will be found gallant Irishmen to meet you.

Chorus.

Sally gardens

Trad. (Irish)
W. B. Yeats 1889

A) ♩ = 80



Notes: 4/4 (song), 80 bpm, cantata/singing: (AB violino/fiddle) ABC ABC ABC, strumentale: ABC ABC ABC.

Bodhrán: no.

It was down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet:
she passed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow up on the tree,
but I was young and foolish and with her did not agree.

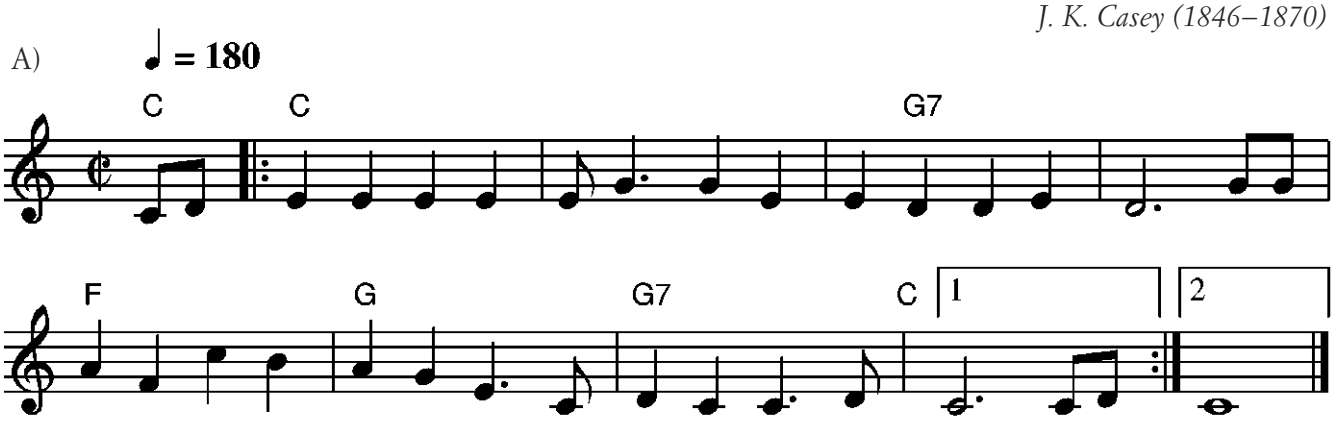
In a field down by the river my love and I did stand
and on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs,
but I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet:
she passed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow up on the tree,
but I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

The rising of the moon

Trad. (Irish)
J. K. Casey (1846–1870)

A)



Notes: ¢ (song), 180 bpm, cantata/singing: A x 10, strumentale/instrumental: AAA.

A |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ |
| ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrel, tell me why you hurry so,
hush a buach-aill hush and listen, and his cheeks were all a glow.
I bear order from the captain: get you ready quick and soon
for the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon!

Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrel, where the gath'rin is to be?
In the old spot by the river, well known to you and me,
one word more for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,
with your pike upon yor shoulder, by the risin' of the moon.

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through that night,
many a manly heart was throbbling for the blessed warning light.
Murmurs passed along the valleys, like the banshee's lonely croon
and a thousand blades were flashing at the risin' of the moon.

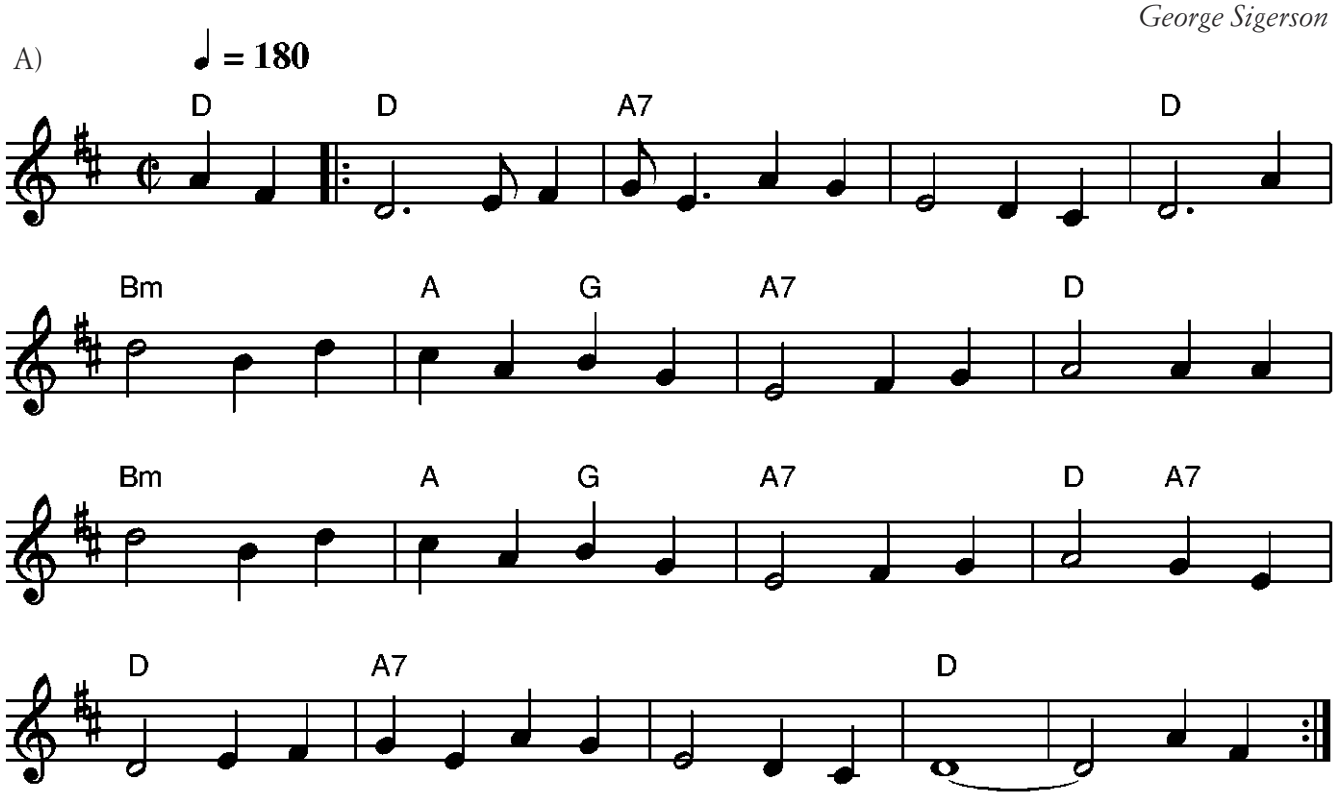
There beside the singing river, that dark mass of men were seen,
far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved green.
Death to every for and traitor! Forward! Strike the marching tune,
and hurrah, my boys, for freedom, 'tis the risin' of the moon.

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate
(Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow fill the name of Ninety-Eight!).
Yet, thank God, even still are beating hearts in manhood's burning noon,
who would follow in their footsteps at the risin' of the moon!

The Enniskillen dragoon

Trad. (Irish)
George Sigerson

A)



Notes: ¢ (song), 180 bpm, cantata/singing: A x 7, strumentale/instrumental: AAA.

A |: 🡻 ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | 🡻 ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | 🡻 ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | 🡻 ▭ ⇩ ⇧ :|

Fare thee well Ennis killen, fare thee well for a while,
to all your fair waters and every green isle,
oh your green isle will flourish, your fair waters will flow
while I from old Ireland on exile must go.

They where all dressed out like gentlemen's sons
with their bright shining swords and carbine guns,
with their silver mounted pistols, she observed them full soon,
because that she loved her Enniskillen Dragoon.

The bright sons of Mars, as they stood on the right,
their armor did shine like the bright stars at night.
Says she, "lovely Willie, you have listed too soon
to serve as a darn Enniskillen Dragoon".

Oh my beatiful Flora, your pardon I crave
until now and forever I will be your slave.
Your parent insult you both morning and noon,
for fear you would wed your Enniskillen Dragoon.

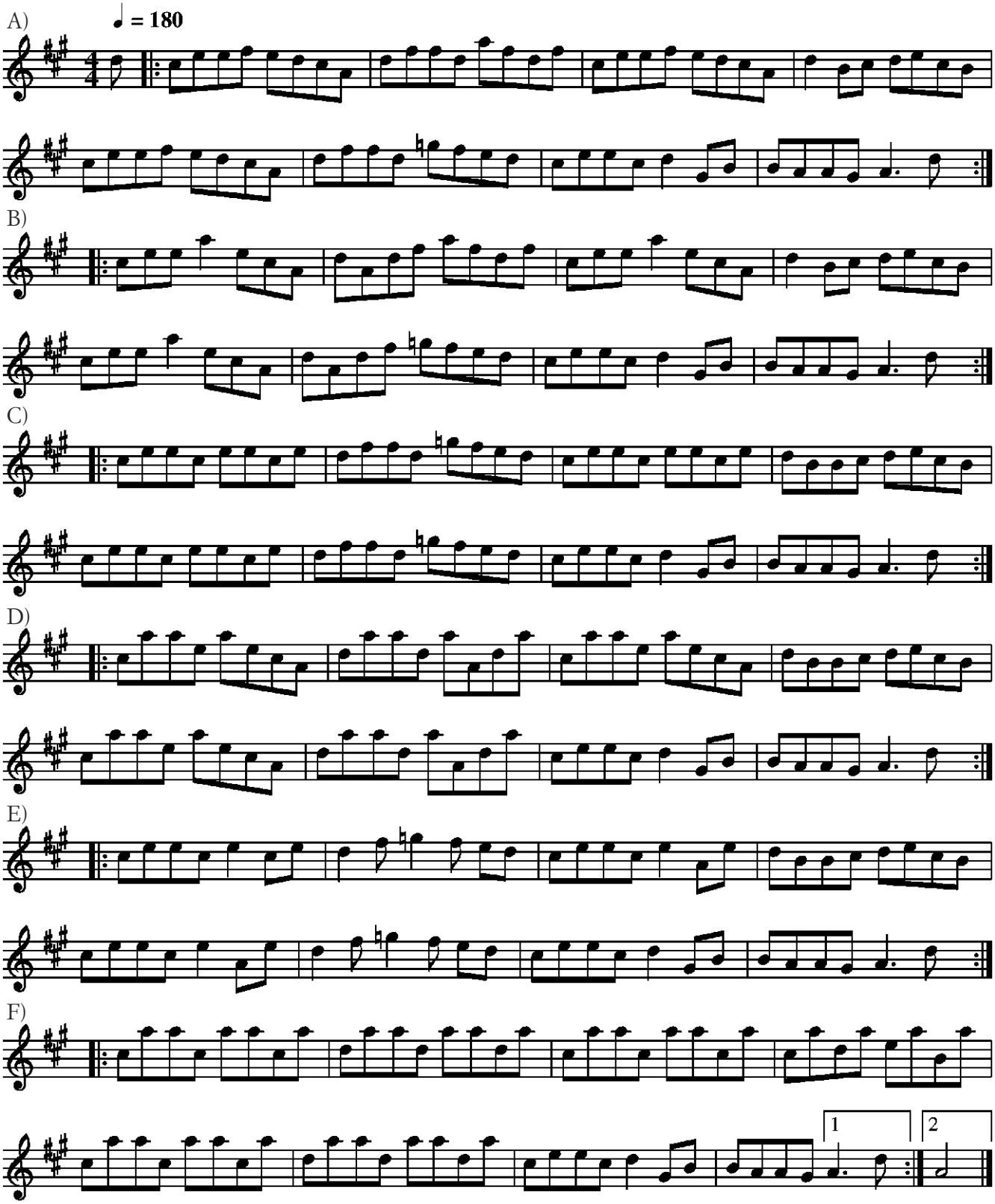
Oh now, dearest Willie, mind what youare saying,
for children are obliged their parents to obey.
But when you're leaving Ireland, they all change their tune
saying, the Lord be with you, Enniskillen Dragoon.

Fare thee well Ennis killen, fare thee well for a while,
and all around the borders of green Erin's isle
when the wars will be over, you'll return in full bloom,
they will all welcome home the Enniskillen Dragoon.

Now the war it is over, and they have returned at last
the regiment lies in Dublin, and Willies has got a pass.
Last sunday they were married, and Willie was the groom
and now she enjoys her Enniskillen Dragoon.

The clumsy lover

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, AA BB CC DD EE FF.

ACE |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

BDF |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ |

| ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

Tam Lin

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩ = 180

B)

Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, AA BB AA BB AA BB.

A |: ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ | ⬇ ▭ ⇩ ⇧ :|

B |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⇩ ⇧ ⬇ ⇧ | ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :|

(push dal centro all'alto in levare e su parte, push from center to top for up beats and on-going)

Star of Munster

Trad. (Irish)

A) ♩ = 180

B)

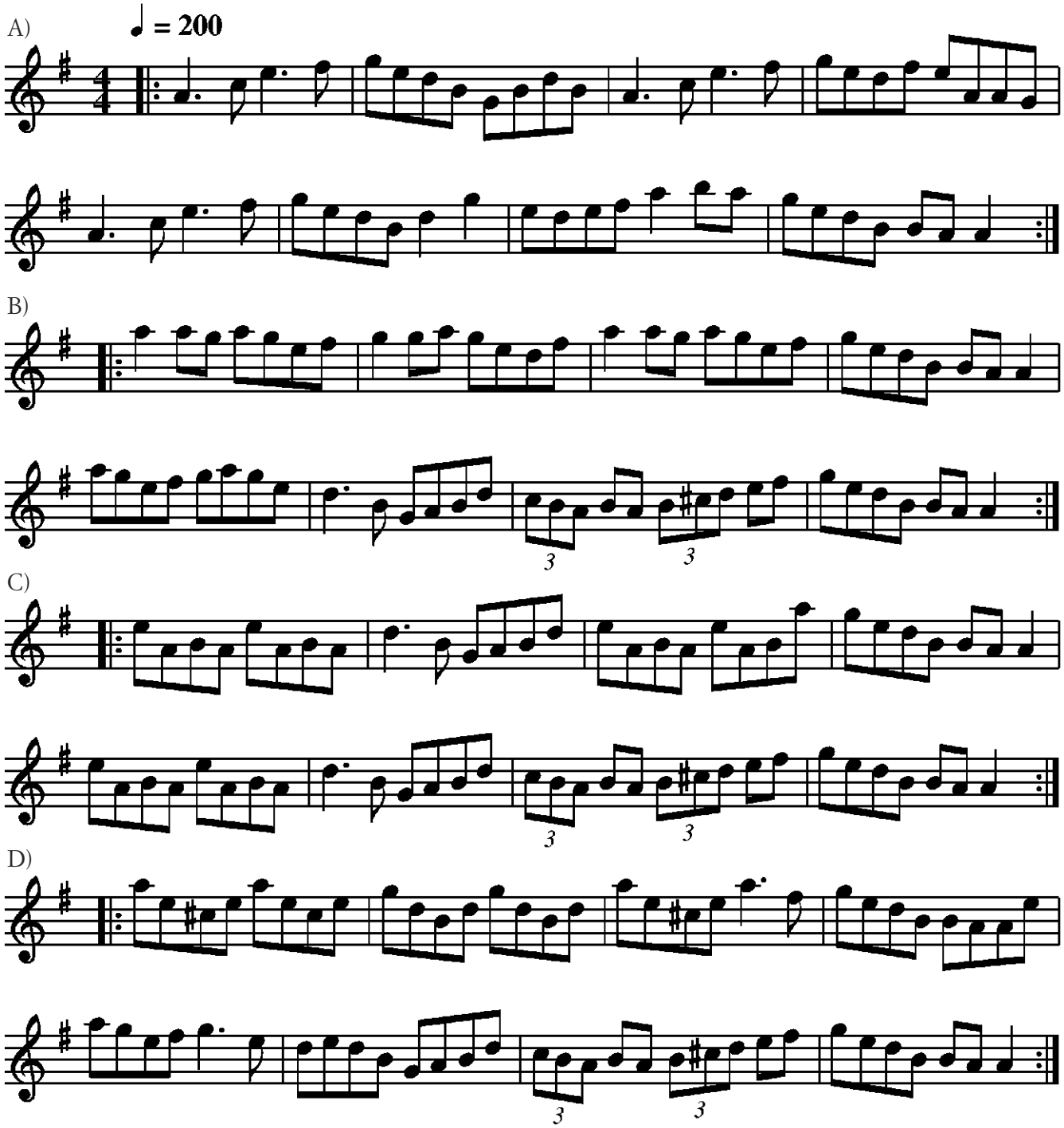
Notes: 4/4 (reel), 180 bpm, (A fiddle) A BB AA BB AA BB.

A |: ⬇ ▭ ↓↑↓⇧ :|

B |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

Farewell to Ireland

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (reel), 200 bpm, (A violino/fiddle) A BB CC DD AA BB CC DD.

Violino/fiddle: un'ottava in basso prime 6 misure parte A / one octave below for first 6 measures of part A.
Bodhrán: battere in terzine / triplets beatings.

A |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

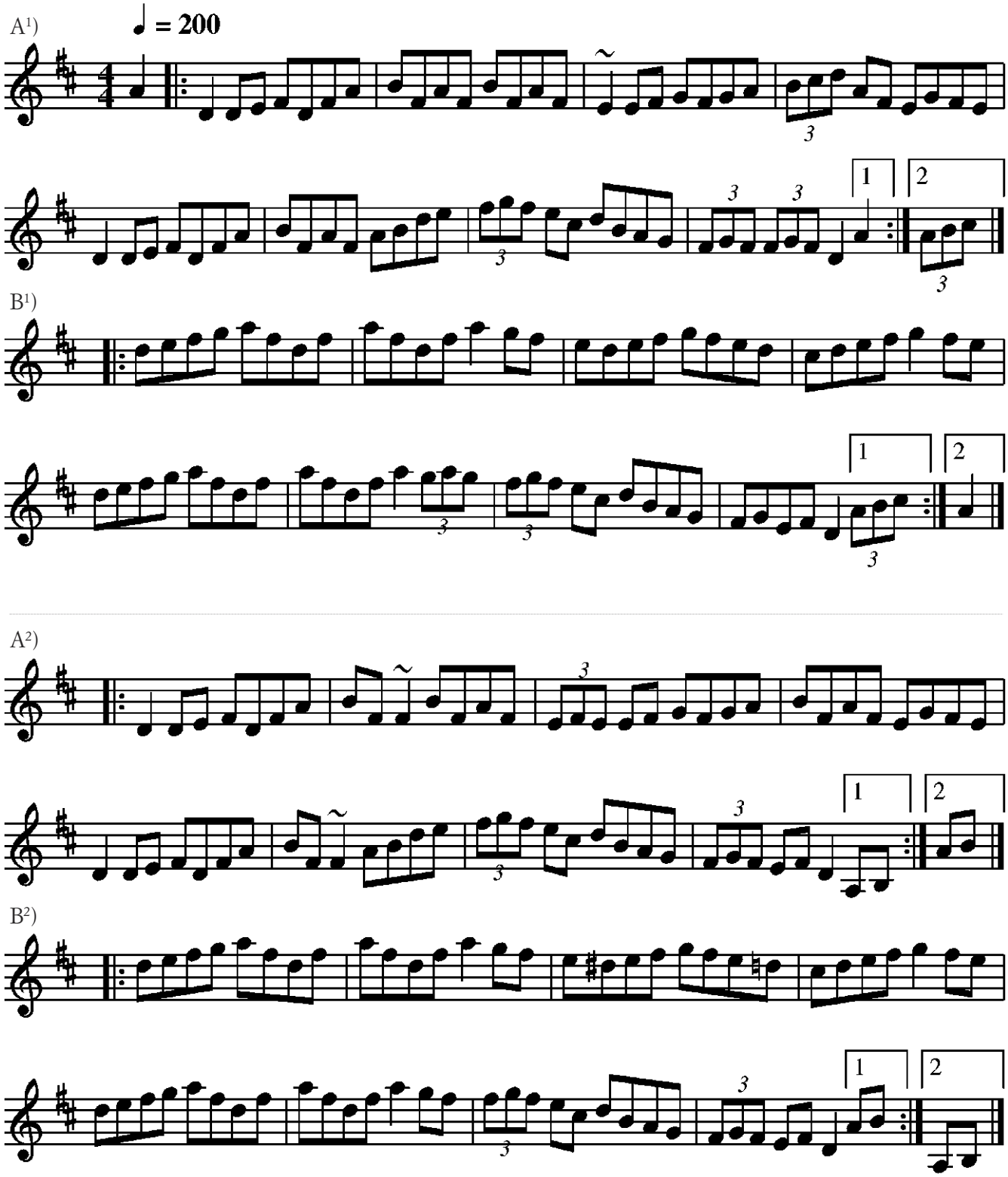
B |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

C |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

D |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⇩⇧⬇⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

Donegal reel

Trad. (Irish)



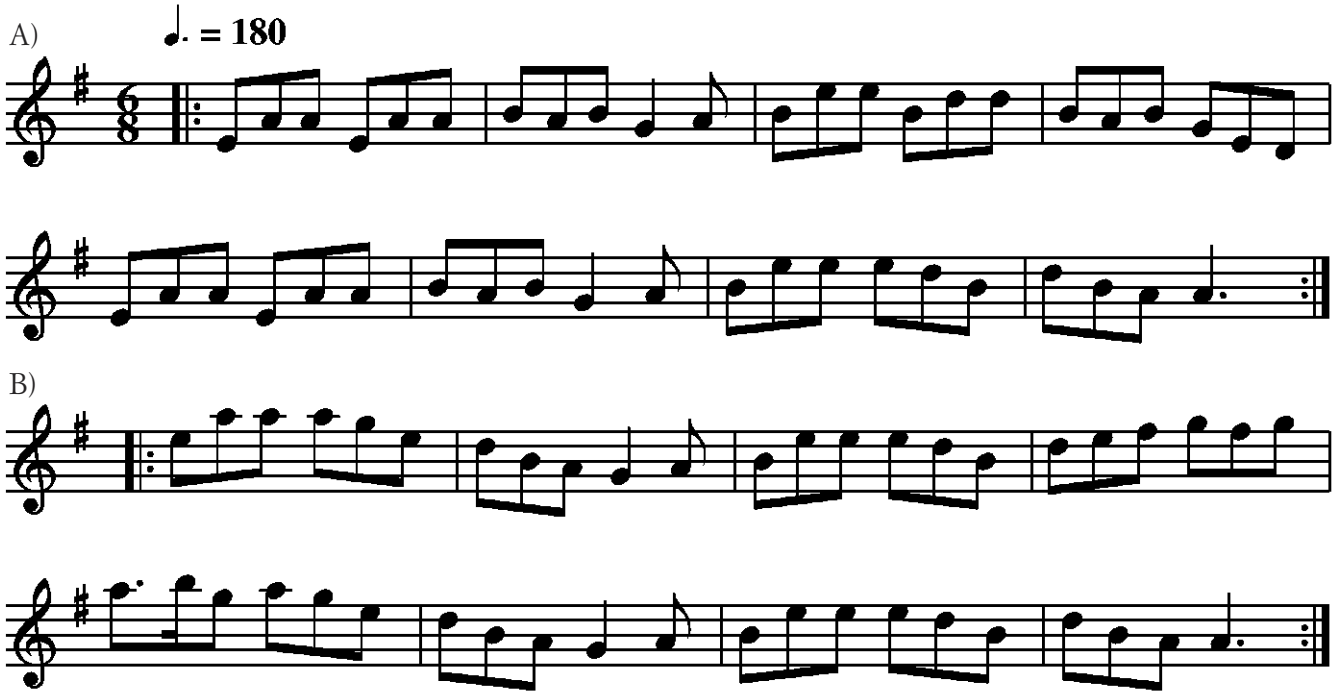
Notes: 4/4 (reel), 200 bpm, 2 voci/voices: AA BB AA BB AA BB, 1 voce/voice: A^1A^1 B^1B^1 A^2A^2 B^2B^2.

A(1/2) |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ↓↑↓⇧⇩⇧ :|

B(1/2) |: ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ↓↑↓⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ | ⬇⇧⇩⇧ :|

Lilting Banshee

Trad. (Irish)



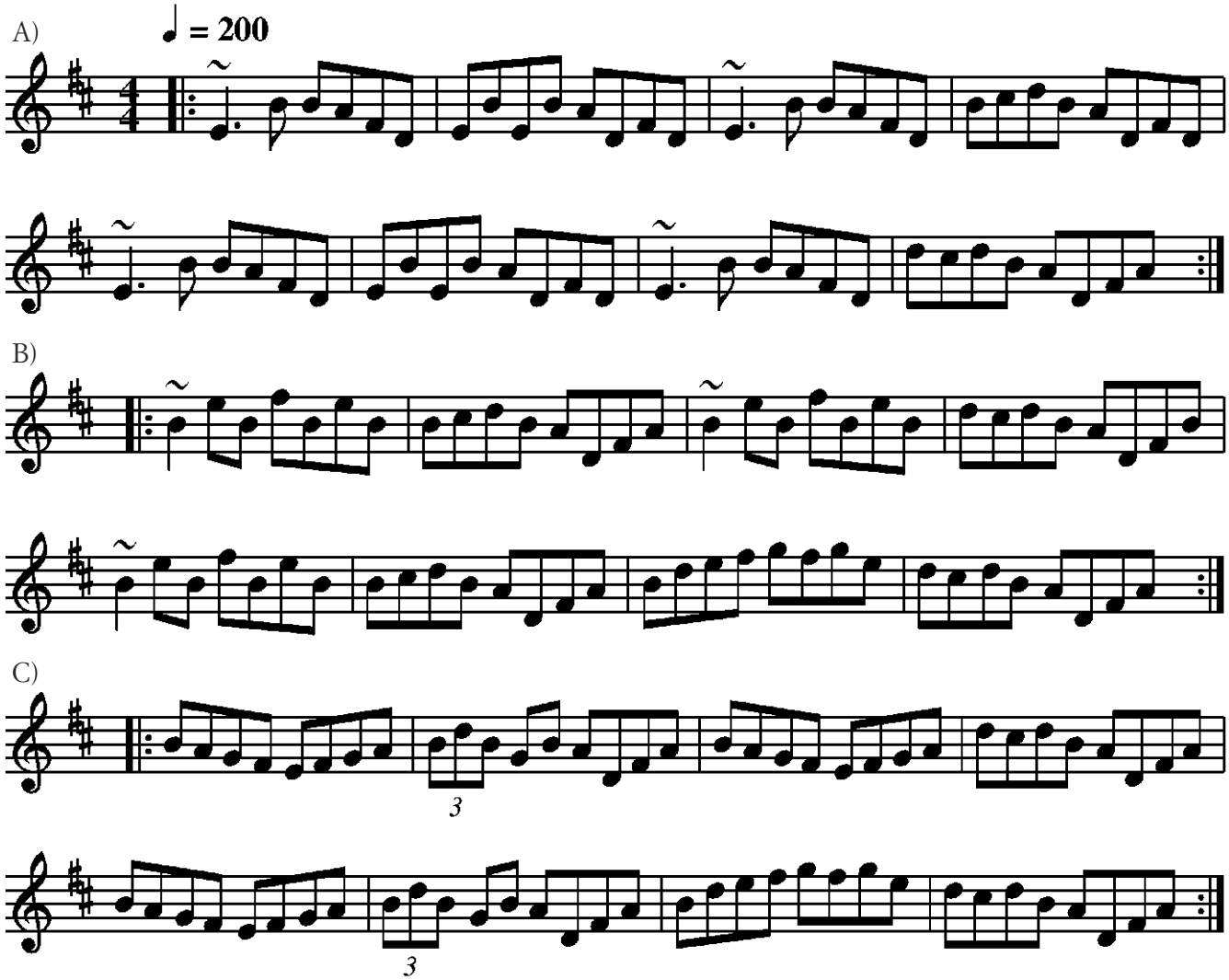
Notes: 6/8 (jig), 180 bpm, AA BB AA BB AA BB.

Bodhrán: accento solo su 1, con triplets / accent on 1st beat only, use triplets.

AB |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ ⇩ ⇧ :| / |: ⬇ ⇧ ⇩ ↑ ↓ ↑ ⇩ ⇧ :|

Morning dew

Trad. (Irish)



Notes: 4/4 (reel), 200 bpm, AA BB CC BB CC AA.

Start ↓↑↓

AB ▭ ↑↓↑↓↑↓↑↓↑

C ↓↑↓↑↓↑↓↑↓↑↓↑

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